

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCXC }

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## CONSOLATION.

"And Death went away with her child into the Unknown Land."

O, in a dream last night, in a dream you came,  
Those arms about me, and that lovely look,  
Radiant through tears! and as of old for me  
Passionate love and understanding there,  
With something higher, loyal and large and free.

There was sorrow in my dream, and, when you came,  
The unutterable longing to be at rest,  
To be at rest with you! Then the sweet pang,  
When as of old remorseful love leaped up  
To shield and save you, darling, from my pain.

O, inspiration of unselfish love!  
Come to me still. I was only good for you.

I am nothing alone. But I can live while life

Still holds the consolation of a dream.

*Beatrice Cregan.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## A FANTASY.

If you were a white rose Columbine  
And I were a Harlequin,  
I'd leap and sway on my spangled hips  
And blow you a kiss with my finger tips  
To woo a smile to your petal lips  
At every glittering spin.

If I were a pig-tailed Buccaneer  
And you were a Bristol Girl,  
A-rolling home from over the sea  
I'd give you a hug on the landing quay,  
A hook-nosed parrot that swore like me,  
And a brooch of mother-o'-pearl.

If you were a Donna of old Castile  
And a Troubadour were I,  
I'd sing at night beneath your room  
And weave you dreams in a minstrel's loom

With rainbow tears and the roses' bloom  
And star-shine out of the sky.

If I were a powdered Exquisite  
And you were a fair Bellairs,  
I'd press your hand in the gay pavane  
And whisper under your painted fan  
As I bowed you into your blue sedan  
At the old Assembly stairs.

If you were a Watteau Shepherdess  
And I were a gipsy lad,  
I'd teach you tunes that the blackbird trills  
And show you the dance of the daffodils,  
The white moon rising over the hills,  
And Night in her jewels clad.

If you were the Queen of Make-believe  
And I were a Prince o' Dream,  
We'd dress the world in a rich romance  
With Pans a-piping and Queens that dance,  
With plume and mantle and rapier glance  
And Beauty's eyes a-gleam.

If I were a Poet, sweet, my own,  
And you were my Lady true,  
I'd hymn your praise by night and morn  
With golden notes through a silver horn  
That unborn men in an age unborn  
Might glow with a dream of you!  
Punch.

## INVOCATION.

Creator of the stars  
Great and Little Bear—  
Have us in Thy care.

Thou Who set Orion,  
Watch and ward to keep—  
Guard a soldier's sleep.

Hand that swung the Spheres,  
Strawed the Pleiades—  
Have pity upon these.

Hand that sways the Plough;  
Will that stays the Pole—  
Sow Thy good seed now,  
Guide an errant soul.

*Joseph Lee.*

## THE LITTLE NATIONS AND THE WAR.

History will name this, of all wars, the Great War—as such, indeed, we know it now; but it is, nevertheless, the War of the Little Nations. The Great Powers are at grips—for the destinies of the Small. Broadly viewed, no doubt the issue is that of national license *versus* international law: the assertion of eternal Justice against organized brute force. In a special sense it is to settle, once for all, the question whether the mere fact of the proximity of a Great Power to a Small is to imply for the latter domination, absorption and final extinction, and for the world, a continually imperiled peace. If the future can hold for the small nation no guarantee of a separate existence Armageddon will have been fought in vain, and the day when wars shall cease will not have dawned.

It can hardly be gainsaid that the root-cause of the war is the attitude of the Germanic Powers towards the lesser nations of the Continent. The Prussian theory in this regard is of quite barbarian simplicity: the small nation was made to be absorbed by the great. For a Power in search of expansion the small, highly organized State has obvious advantages over the undeveloped colony; it is, so to speak, a colony ready-made. German attempts at colonization—in the true sense of the word—have not proved an unmixed success; in consequence, her attitude towards the little nations of Europe has in recent years undergone a change in more ways than one; and this change of attitude, as we shall see, profoundly affecting her relations with the entire civilized world, has altered the whole course of European, and so of human history.

For many years it has been the custom for German officials to represent the central position of their coun-

try on the Continent as one of confinement and restraint—with more than a suggestion of hostile intent on the part of the surrounding States. I have myself heard German Consuls in various parts of the world utter, in this regard, a suspiciously unanimous complaint. This commonly took the form of an attack, more or less vehement, upon the late King Edward VII. The popular idea of that Monarch as a peace-maker was laughed to scorn; and his visits to the Continent were stigmatized as the outward and visible signs of a conspiracy to encircle the German Empire with “a ring of enemies.” As with most German madness, here was method. It was the first stage in the preparation of the Teutonic mind for the present great adventure. Once persuade your perfervid Boche that the Fatherland stands in danger of assault from grasping and unscrupulous neighbors, and he will be the more ready to accept, without question, any sophisticated version of German foreign policy prepared for home consumption. A war resulting thereupon—no matter how it may appear to the outside world—will naturally present itself to him as one of pure defense against aggression—and *ipso facto* righteous. So, when the Day comes, you may hope to receive from him—as the free gift of a patriotic soul—the necessary sacrifice. After this manner, no doubt, argued the ruling clique at Potsdam, and proceeded, with Prussian thoroughness, to put their theories into practice.

In this educative process the simple geographical fact of Great Britain's position athwart the approaches to the German coast was of supreme value. Now, the most zealous champion of the so-called “freedom of the seas” would be hard put to it to maintain that the British people have abused the com-

manding position Nature has given them. Neither by taking toll of every German liner passing up Channel nor by means of large harbor dues, high tariffs, or a bounty-fed marine have we made our natural advantages oppressive to less happily situated Prussia. Nevertheless, there lay the British breakwater—there, at the gates of the Fatherland, the British Fleet. To these it was sufficient to point, and leave the rest to insinuation's artful aid. So much for the popular, officially-propagated idea. The opposition it suggested was more apparent than real. There were other obstacles, less spectacular, which bulked at least as largely in the German official mind. Had the inculcators of international hate been at pains to complete their picture they would have added that the Central Empires were hedged, on the one hand and on the other, by a series of little States, which though prizing all too well a precarious independence, were fated to be as clay in the Imperial potter's hand. Is it not the bane of the Ballplatz that half a score of Slav and semi-Slav communities encumber the seaward front of the Dual Monarchy? And are not the northern marches of the Fatherland similarly beset? It was convenient, no doubt, to incite the German bourgeois against England, as the enemy—German officialdom owes a debt to General von Bernhardt, in particular, it can never wholly repay; but there always remained the possibility of a short-cut to power and the cherished "place in the sun" over the prostrate body of some small and insignificant State.

It was not a heroic policy, but it had certain advantages. The desired object could be gained—in part, if not in whole—at trifling cost, or even, perhaps, at no cost at all. The Wilhelmstrasse had not forgotten the ease with which it had achieved the dismemberment of Denmark in 1864, nor the

bloodless acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, when the evil genius of the aged Emperor at Vienna stood beside him "in shining armor." To get something for nothing is the first instinct of the predatory mind; and, as a political principle, is not without its attractions even for a Prussian War Lord. At the same time the possibility of some strong Power espousing the cause of the weak had always to be reckoned with. Hence the appeal to the trident and the sword; the cult of the "mailed fist" and the relentless perfecting of the Teutonic war-machine.

Could we hazard a guess at the secrets of the All-Highest's heart we should find among them the fond hope that the absorption of first one and then another of the little States which barred the road to world-power might be effected bloodlessly. Such was indeed the true Kaiserian policy—that the rattling of the sabre, with the hint of irresistible force behind it, should, by staving off outside interference, achieve the immediate end without recourse to a conflict of arms. Thanks to the skilful application of these methods Germany had gained those vast areas in Africa which, for all their extent, were not deemed to constitute "a place in the sun." Thrice in the opening years of this century she has won substantial advantages at no greater cost than that of a European crisis. By their continued use the Imperialists of Potsdam looked to achieve the Germanization—piecemeal, and without a world-war if possible, but with one if necessary—of all the little States, both on the north and on the south of the Germanic Empire.

Had there been no British Fleet invincible there can be no doubt as to the direction in which the imprisoned soul of *Kultur* would first have sought relief. As it was, the call of the East prevailed. And not without reason. *Drang nach*

Osten opened, to the Pan-German mind, a vista of splendid possibilities. The Turk was not only valuable as an ally, but as a testator. In the taking up of his estate no more serious opposition need be looked for than the passive resistance of a party-logged administration in Britain. Already Asia Minor was as good as German. Beyond lay the wide plains of Mesopotamia; Syria, Egypt—Persia, too, perhaps, and the rich gateway of the Indies; nay, all the vast spaces of the Middle East waited but the waving of the Hohenzollern wand to bloom again as a Greater Germany. With the direct land-route to the Orient in German hands, and a broad zone of Germanic territory athwart the Eurasian continent to serve as a permanent barrier between the hostile Powers on either side, the position of the Fatherland would have passed from one of confinement and restriction to one of enormous and far-flung strength.

In pursuit, then, of that universal dominion hypocritically described by German publicists as "a place in the sun," the Teutonic plan was, in the first instance, to take the line of least resistance. It was more prudent, and the *milieu* favored. Out of the troubled waters of the Nearer East he would be a poor Chancellor who—without unduly stirring them—could fail to catch some fish. If the Dual Alliance Powers took up the Slav cause it would be to their own destruction. The neutrality of Belgium relegated to the limbo of polite fictions, that hapless State should form at once an avenue through which the invasion of Russia's western ally could be swiftly and remorselessly achieved, and a *pied à terre* for still more imposing schemes. By this, no doubt, the deluge—but upon its crest the Fatherland would ride to world-power, while among the flood-wrack lay the *débris* of the British Empire.

Seeing that German expansion in either direction could only be realized at the expense of a minor State, the relations of Berlin with these innocent impediments in the path of *Welt-politik* speedily came to resemble those of the wolf and the lamb. Reluctantly—as the historian of the future will be moved to admit—Vienna followed suit. Close observers of international affairs since the formation of the present "balance of power" cannot but have noticed a certain cooling of the relations between the Central Empires—based, no doubt, on Austrian fears of German domination—and a growing cordiality between Austria and Britain, on the one hand, and between Austria and France, on the other. It was important for the Wilhelmstrasse to nip this untoward tendency in the bud. For in the German ascent to world-power the successive parts allotted to Austria—as to Turkey also—are those of Ally, tool, and subject. So the hapless Monarchy was urged on to pursue a "forward policy" in the Balkan area. With Austria turned *agent provocateur* in the German interest, the breach between the Central Empires and the neighboring Great Powers grew steadily wider. Fired with the ambition of forestalling Russia at Constantinople, the Hapsburgs soon became as wolfish in their dealings with the Balkan peoples as any Hohenzollern could wish. The result of the first Balkan War and the sudden rise of the Balkan League created something like consternation in the Pan-German camp. As the world knows and will not easily forget, the second war—that of 1913—beginning with the treacherous attack of Bulgaria on her Allies of the previous year, was directly inspired from Berlin *via* Vienna. It failed, as it deserved to fail; but the plotting went on. An Austrian attack on Serbia, deliberately planned for the early part of 1914, was deferred for one reason only; Italy, as a

member of the Triplice, declined to be a party to such aggression. A few months later the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand—as the result of a plot hatched not a hundred miles from Berlin, to remove all possibility of danger from the Heir Apparent's pro-Slav proclivities—furnished an unexceptionable pretext and set the ship of *Welt-politik* fairly on her blood-course.

Only one thing could, by checking the German designs, have saved the situation in the Near East. After the deplorable events of 1913 the restoration of the Balkan League might have seemed impossible; prompt action on the part of the Entente would have made it possible. In the interests of the States themselves it was the appropriate reply to the Pan-German "*divide et impera*." Bulgaria, still smarting under the rebuffs embodied in the Treaty of Bucharest, was the sole obstacle. But the policy of Bulgaria was one of unblushing opportunism. What, indeed, could be expected from the statesmen who had initiated the system of brigandage in Macedonia for the express purpose of aggrandizement at their neighbor's expense, who fell treacherously upon their allies in the dark, who turned their backs upon their liberator, Russia? Bulgaria was out for the highest bidder. So keen was the competition to secure her war-services that that small State, with armed forces not exceeding a quarter of a million men, conceived herself to hold in her hands the balance of power in Europe. The only way to bring her over to the side of the Entente was to convince her that we could "deliver the goods." But our Foreign Office—ever in the world but not of it—merely sought to heap Macedonian coals of fire—at the expense of our Allies—on the head of "the spoilt child of the Balkans," while the fox-Tsar bargained with Berlin the price of betrayal.

Not by the Allies alone have opportunities been lost in the Near East. Greece, like Bulgaria, by proving false to her past, has marred her future. Nearly a hundred years ago the same three Powers which today are fighting the battle of the little nations took up the cause of Greek independence against those who, its enemies then, are, in truth, its enemies today. Today the struggle which so profoundly concerns her finds her cold. Yesterday an empire awaited her in Asia Minor—a Greater Greece, where four millions of people of Greek descent look for their deliverance from Turkish misrule. As that is an empire which the Pan-German has ear-marked for himself, the course for Greece to take was obvious. She chose, instead, a shameful neutrality. Greece, the child of Freedom, stood by while her Ally was butchered to make a German road; and, as many an unborn Greek will painfully reflect, the Empire that might have been was lost through a woman—consort of a pro-German King, kinswoman of the Hun.

But in the tragedy of Serbia's destruction the Allies are not themselves without sin. Early in the war Venizelist, as distinguished from pro-German, Greece was in favor of striking a blow in common with the Allies for the heritage that might have been. What was the condition? That the Allies, by dispatching 150,000 men to Salonika, should guarantee Greece against one of those sudden flank attacks for which Bulgaria has shown such partiality. They are there now; but the tide has passed, and, with it, the chance of completing, on the land side, the all-essential blockade of the Central Empires, of cutting them off from their Turkish ally, and gravely embarrassing both. Had the Allies furnished then the only thing that counts among the Balkan peoples—unmistakable evidence of strength—Bulgaria, instead of

selling herself to Germanism, would at least have maintained neutrality; Roumania would have been at the head of a reconstituted Balkan League; the forces of the Allies might have been increased by a round million, planted on the one weak point of the Germanic position; the Dardanelles would have witnessed that victory which—according to Mr. Churchill a year ago—we were within “a few hours” of achieving; and devastated Serbia would not be presenting, as she does now, a pathetic monument to the policy of “wait and see.”

If there is one thing in this world-conflict which is illimitable it is German intrigue. There is no community the world over from which the smallest advantage could be drawn for the Fatherland that has not been undermined with devilish ingenuity by a systematic pro-German propaganda. We have seen it in China; we have met it in Persia; America reeks with it; but the choicest efforts of these underground workers are reserved for the small neutrals about the Germanic border. Their number is legion, and the fruit of their labors poison. Witness, on the one hand, the persistent efforts to persuade Roumania to join Bulgaria in an attack upon Russia—with Bessarabia for a bribe; and, on the other, the attempt to inflame Dutch opinion against this country by the dissemination of reports that Britain was about to seize the passages of the Scheldt. In truth, there is not a soul in the Balkans, nor in the Low Countries, nor in Scandinavia that does not know with which of the protagonists in the great war his national interests and aspirations are safe. For all that, he will not lift a finger to help an Allied victory or retard a German one. Why? The German agent has worked all too successfully upon his hopes and fears; for every one pro-Ally statement he hears a hundred German; while over him, like a night-

mare, hangs the apparent certainty of a Teutonic victory at last. The Allies, he believes, mean well; but can he be blamed if he concludes that, for every confiding neutral, the road to the German hell will be paved with their good intentions?

*Delenda est Serbia*, cried the Arch-Hun. And from the Balkan fox, through his obsequious mouthpiece, Radoslavof, came the reply: “Serbia no longer exists.” And how, and why, was Belgium brought down to the depths? Did not the German General Staff begin by warning their officers against “the humanitarian tendencies of the last century”? Did not the German Government seek to justify the atrocities of their soldiery (thus effectively “warned”) by accusing peaceable inhabitants of crimes it was impossible for them to have committed; by laying to their charge such war-measures as the destruction of railway-bridges and the blowing up of troop-trains—legitimately carried out by the Belgian army in its retreat? Did it not find it “necessary” to shoot down the entire population of one township and destroy the church in whose shadow they lived on the plea that these unfortunates had used a machine-gun which they did not possess from the vantage-point of a church-tower which did not exist? Were not scores of civilians done to death on a charge of using hand-grenades against the unoffending Teuton invaders, when even the Belgian army, in point of fact, had not one to its name? With what object were 12,500 houses demolished or burned down in the three provinces of Liège, Namur, and Brabant? To what end has the Imperial German Government laid upon its conscience the lives of 5,000 Belgian non-combatants, including old men, women, and children? Did that Government—of all Governments—elect to pursue in such reckless and primitive fashion a war

for which it had been preparing during a whole generation? Was the German army—of all armies—merely running amuck, after the manner of its mercenary prototypes of the Middle Ages? Alas, no. The murder of Belgium was no unpremeditated crime. Deliberate from first to last, it was a message to each and every little State, in east and west alike, to prostrate itself, under pain of instant annihilation, at the All-Highest's feet, and make plain his pathway to a world-controlling Throne.

Here we see why, in spite of—and, at the same time, because of—the dire peril which confronts them, Holland holds her peace, Denmark is dumb, and Scandinavia keeps silence while, in flagrant violation of international law, their ships fall victim one by one to German submarines. In her desperate endeavor to reproduce the "Berlin decrees" of a hundred years ago and the isolation of England, Germany has made neutrality a farce and a by-word; nevertheless, these little neutrals perceive that all the pious aspirations of Allied publicists have not availed to save Belgium and Serbia from the Pan-German maw, nor their peace-loving inhabitants from ruin and exile. That the Scandinavian kingdoms are alive to their danger is clear from the movement towards co-operation made in the early days of the war, when the Sovereigns of Norway, Sweden and Denmark met in conference at Malmoe to arrange a system of mutual defense; and, subsequently, steps were taken, under Swedish auspices, to form a League of Neutrals. German "assurances" were, however, forthcoming in profusion and "Activism" arose to back them; unexpected difficulties were encountered, and the negotiations fell through. But the danger remains.

German Chancellors, from Metternich to Bismarck, have lightly esteemed the little nations and their aspirations.

But the days when such were "not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier" are past. Germany no longer sneers at the little nations; she uses them. And when, instead of aids, they become impediments she graciously introduces them to the charmed circle of Teutonic *Kultur*, to flourish ever after under the benign influence of the Prussian super-man. Of the nature of that tutelage let any *curé* of Flanders speak, or the school-children of German Poland, who are thrashed for praying in their native tongue. Now, were it not that the civilized world has not yet acquiesced in the enthronement of Might, such a fate would long since have been Holland's, and Denmark's also. Nevertheless, at any moment, the crisis may come. Since August, 1914, these two States, in particular, have proved of the greatest use to Germany. Not only have they afforded protection for her flank, but they have been an open door through which supplies essential to the conduct of the war and to the feeding of her population have poured in profusion, despite the sweeping of the German mercantile marine from off the seas. All this, of course, was strictly in accordance with schedule. Six years ago, with just such a situation as the present one in view, Germany persuaded an obliging world to revise the laws of naval warfare in such a way as to rob sea-power of its efficacy as a weapon of offense. Though obviously aimed against this country, the instrument for our own undoing was humbly accepted by our Foreign Office and a British House of Commons, who could not, of course, be expected to appreciate the sardonic humor of its label—"Declaration of London." A monument of British stupidity, it was at the same time a masterpiece of German guile. By a stroke of the pen it reduced the mightiest Navy in the world, as a blockading force, to impotence, and opened wide

the channels for the provisioning of the Fatherland in time of war—for cleverly concealed in its cloud of verbiage was the cardinal principle: *The neutral flag covers enemy goods*. Under the terms of this egregious document, for a while, the neutral trader and the enemy did well—imports in certain commodities increased as much as 300 per cent; but, with the return of sanity to Downing Street and enforcing of the blockade, this illicit trade is fast reaching vanishing-point. The little nations of the north are ceasing to be of use to Germany.

For the two nearest of these the peril is imminent. With Belgium in the hands of the enemy, Holland is all but a German *enclave*. To be in Germany's way—as Belgium knows and Serbia can confirm—is dangerous. And Holland is in Germany's way—to England, to hated England. For a year and a half the Hun has had, in Antwerp, "a pistol leveled at the heart" of that perfidious Power; but Dutch ownership of the mouth of the Scheldt prevents her using it. Zeebrügge, periodically pulverized by British monitors, is a poor substitute. On the other hand, the coast of Holland would serve admirably as a base for submarine attacks on Britain and, when the hour strikes, for the grand combined assault. So, as the war drags on and the Teutonic triumph on land hangs fire, German desperation increases and, with it, Holland's peril.

History shows that while States may be destroyed, nationality survives. For all their belief in themselves, their super-intelligence and their *Kultur*, the German people are no Imperial race. The Prussian theory is, while absorbing, to destroy. Individuality in States, as among citizens, is *verboten*: to the one and only *Kultur* all must conform. It is a vain and futile theory. The practice thereof on all the borders of the Germanic Empires tells

the same tale—in Schleswig or Croatia, in Poland or Alsace. Of absorption—stern, precise, methodical—there is much; of assimilation, none. The most desperate expedients avail nothing. As illustrative of Prussian methods the example of Alsace-Lorraine is classic. What has been the result, in Alsace, of the wholesale importation of "good Germans" from other parts? Instead of Germanizing the French inhabitants they have been Gallicized by them. By the work of his own hands, in any part of the world, in his dealings with civilized communities or his treatment of the subject races of his own colonies, the German official stands condemned. The dry bones of method he has, brute force he understands; but justice is foreign to him, and sympathy knows him not. To hand over to such a people, merely because they are the prime exponents of military power, the lives and destinies of the smaller nations of Europe would be a crime, a perpetuation of misery, unrest, and strife.

There is no room for neutrals in this war. The German Apollyon is on the wing. Those who do not immediately minister to his blood-lust he will seek to kill by degrees with his *Kultur*. One way or another a victorious Germany means death to the little nations—the end of freedom, the reign of tyranny. In sheer self-defense they must combine. As for the Allies, their course is made plain, as it is ennobled, by the light of a high purpose. It was for a little nation that they drew the sword: and, in the words of a British Prime Minister, they will never sheathe it "*until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation*." That gives them what Germany has not—and would give much to have—an ideal. In *Kultur*, with its materialistic aims and deification of force, she will not find it. Nor will her victims, present or in-

tended. To that living lie, in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection of which Belgium and Serbia will be the  
The Fortnightly Review.

first fruits, the Allies and the millions who think with them may well respond:  
*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

E. Bruce Mitford.

## THE RESCUE OF AN ARMY.

*Ces pauvres gens, pleins de malaventures,  
Ne portent rien que des choses futures.*

A tiny cove, a semi-circle of sandy beach, a white house or two, bare and ruinous—and brown hills rising from the sea; this was San Giovanni di Medua as we saw it last December, a very bleak and inhospitable spot to be the desired haven of the remnants of an army and a people.

It was sad to think of the contrast between the longing hopes with which the starved and exhausted soldiers had looked forward to Medua, and the miserable place that it was. There are more and stonier stones there than in any other stony place. The north wind blows harder, longer, and colder than anywhere else in the world, except, perhaps, "somewhere in the North Sea." There is anchorage for one small ship at a time, and, when the first Serbs arrived, for port facilities there were a ruinous wooden jetty, a few yards long, two little old steamboats, a handful of tiny sailing vessels, and clumps of wreckage all about the haven, the result of a visit from the Austrian destroyers at Cattaro. Yet this was the only refuge for the fugitive nation, the place to which they had been looking eagerly forward through the weeks of the terrible retreat that began upon the Danube, over three hundred miles away.

Miserable though it was, inconvenient as a harbor, wholly lacking in appliances, and all too near the enemy's base at Cattaro, Medua did turn out to be, for the Serbian Army, a place of salvation. The hope that the 150,000 men and 20,000 baggage animals that

survived the retreat could be embarked thence was never anything but a dream: one look at the place was enough to show that a troupe of elephants could be more easily embarked off Beachy Head. For their final escape, the Serbians had to struggle on to the south. But for six weeks Medua was the mouth of the Serbian Army. It was thither that the food came that saved it from destruction. Had it been impossible to get food into Albania, by that gate, could it have been sent to Durazzo only, where it was separated from the army by mountains and marshes almost impassable to transport, losses from hunger and disease must have been enormously increased, and it might well have been that many of the men would have been still too weak in January to make the effort necessary to escape from the advancing Austrians.

While the exiled army was resting and reviving at Scutari and Alessio, Medua was a busy port of import, crowded with men and animals and goods. Seldom can a big operation of transport and supply have been carried out under more peculiar or more difficult conditions. The "facilities" of the so-called port have been described. In fact, there were none. Only one small ship at a time could get near the end of the tumble-down jetty, and the four old Turkish buildings which were all that there was in the way of warehouse, could hold not a tithe of the goods that had to be landed and cleared inland. The place was within reach of a morning stroll for the enemy's submarines and aeroplanes from Cattaro. At any time,

almost, of any day, from the hill above you could see the conning-tower of one of the enemy submarines, black on the waves against the western sun. They strolled about outside the harbor, as it were with their hands in their pockets.

The political position of the port it would have baffled all the international lawyers of Europe to define. I believe that once upon a time it was declared to be the capital of an autonomous State of their own by the Skroeli tribe of Albanians. The Skroeli have their winter quarters across the bay in the marshes of the Drin, where the submarines used to come and land Austrian agents, without concealment. From another point of view, Medua belongs to the Principality of Albania, represented *de jure*, until the Austrian occupation, by Essad Pasha at Durazzo, if by anybody at all. But *de facto* Essad's writ did not run north of the Mati River, two days' journey to the south. Then there were the Montenegrins. They had occupied the port before the arrival of the Serbs, and claimed there the authority of conquerors. They had appointed civil and military governors, and had a company of infantry on the spot. The Italian Government claimed no legal authority locally, but it exercised a very effective control, because it had a naval detachment there and a wireless station, and because the only ships that came there were Italian, and they could only get there under escort of the Italian fleet. Then the Serbian Army arrived, the strongest party on the scene, and entered into practical possession. Between Albanians, Montenegrins, Serbs, and Italians, there were opportunities for conflicts of jurisdiction that would have done much harm. Fortunately the situation was saved by the arrival of yet another authority.

In December, the British Naval Mission under Rear-Admiral Trou-

bridge, that had made the retreat with the Serbian Army, arrived over the mountains. At the request of the Serbian Government, Admiral Troubridge took over command of the port. The Italian naval officers on the spot, and the local resources of the Italian Government, were at once placed at his disposal, and rendered him throughout the most loyal and effective support. The local Montenegrin authorities proved amenable, and the Albanians did not matter. So a central authority was established, and order followed chaos.

The British Government sent food; the Italian Government had it transported across the Adriatic; and a British Adriatic Mission, comprising units of the Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, under the command of Brigadier-General Taylor at Rome, superintended the arrangements and gave other assistance to the Serbian Army. Such was the help rendered by Great Britain and her Allies to Serbia in her hour of greatest need; help by which the Serbian Army was delivered from its pursuers, to fight again for the rescue of its native land.

Wind, stones, and bombs remain as the chief memory of Medua during those weeks.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
Thou art not so unkind  
As nitro-toluene.

—as our poet sang, lodging the aeroplanes in a gale on the hillside. The stony hills rose in a straight funnel from the beach, with not so much cover on them as would shelter a mouse from the wind or the bombs. Where the hill fell most steeply to the sands, the civil refugees had their camps. Men, women, and children, three to four thousand in number, they made themselves lairs amongst the rocks and by trenching in the sand and scrub. They built themselves screens of boughs, and

to make booths stretched what cloths they had over sticks. At dusk, their fires began to twinkle in hundreds all about the hillside. When the weather was fine, they would sit round the fires in the dark and sing—a circle of illuminated faces. Their lot was then tolerable. But when the Bora came, the gale that blows from the snow-fields of the north, with its rain and squalls lashing the sea into a mist of spray, then they were in a most miserable plight, and mortality amongst the old people and children was high. There were two Serbian doctors, who worked as hard as men could. But the only medical supplies they had were a few cases of comforts that had been got out of the chemists' shops in Brindisi and sent to us as a present. So all that could be done for sick or wounded at Medua was not much.

Fortunately, there were not many fresh wounded. Casualties from the air raids were comparatively few. No single raid did as much execution as a Serbian soldier who thought that the base of an unexploded shell from an Austrian destroyer would make a convenient anvil on which to cut a wire with a pickaxe. There was little or no epidemic infectious disease. How we escaped it, considering the sanitary conditions of the camps of exhausted soldiers and refugees on the rocks and sand, lacking every civilized appliance, it is hard to say. Some good work in regulation and disinfection was done by the Serbian doctors who were working under the Admiral, and it was to that, no doubt, and to the cold weather, that we owed our immunity. But dysentery was ravaging the troops after the hardships of their marches; and many were so exhausted and starved that our food came too late to save them. They died of inanition, exposure, and fatigue, in the sight of supplies that meant life to the men who were not wholly broken. It was noticeable that

the power of resistance to the severities of the retreat depended much upon age. Youths of less than nineteen suffered far more severely than fully grown men. The condition of some of the latest classes of recruits was beyond description, could it serve any useful purpose to harrow the readers' feelings by describing it.

The distribution of bread to the refugees was organized by M. Tomitch, a most able and strenuous official of the Serbian Government, who acted, under the Admiral, as Civil Governor of the port. He divided the camps into groups under his subordinates; and if every refugee had been careful, none need have gone any day without bread. But, of course, some missed the daily distribution; some lost their loaf, or had it stolen; and new arrivals did not know where to go for their allowance, so that every day there was a great going and coming of unfortunate folk left foodless and in need of emergency relief. The state of these poor people, on the bare hillside, was the more pitiable that nearly all of them belonged to the well-to-do class, and were unused to hardship and exposure. It was those only who had some money to pay for food and transport who had been able to get across the Albanian passes from Ipek and Prizrend.) The great wave of fugitive peasants broke against the mountains, and washed back into Serbia, or spent itself in eddies about the valley of the Vardar. Most pitiable of all was the case of some thousand small schoolboys, from ten to fifteen years of age, who had made the great retreat under the charge of their masters, and were camped in makeshift tents and booths amongst the sand hills. The masters did their best for them. Indeed, it is much to their credit that mortality amongst the boys was not greater. It is no blame to anybody that the poor little chaps were wasted with bad food, grimed with dirt,

covered with vermin, clothed only in rags, and that many of them were sick with dysentery, or mere exhaustion. Under the circumstances it could not have been otherwise. They lay about on the rocks and amongst the dunes, too spent to take any interest in anything, busy only with tying up their rags, and in the unending pursuit and slow consumption of fragments of rough food. It was, perhaps, the most satisfactory thing that happened at Medua, that in the very last days there the Admiral succeeded in clearing the whole of them out, the elder on the last of the food-ships, the mere children on a hospital ship. Now, I believe, they are enjoying the kindly hospitality of French and English friends.

Work at Medua was war in its simplest and crudest form, stripped of the trimmings of organized civilization. When we awoke in the morning, we recorded daily our relief that we had not been lifted out of our beds before daylight by the arrival of a six-inch shell from the *Novara*, the most active of the Austrian cruisers at Cattaro. There was no reason at all why she should not have come any morning and shelled the place to bits, and it is a mystery that she did not. One day we had a series of messages from the Italian wireless station to the north to say: "*Novara* seventeen miles distant making for Medua," "*Novara* twelve miles distant making for Medua," "*Novara* nine miles distant making for Medua"—and then we mobilized our belongings into a *cache* on the hillside and adjourned to a lookout place on the ridge to watch, not without emotion, a column of smoke on the horizon. But things happened which caused the *Novara* to change her mind about calling on us.

The busiest days were those on which a food-ship arrived from Brindisi. The day before lists had been prepared

of the refugees selected to go back on the boat after she had discharged her cargo; members of the Serbian Government, it might be, or of the *corps diplomatique* from Scutari, foreign missions, military and civil, staff-officers, sick officers and men, deputies of the Skupshtina, special envoys, and then just refugees in general. Early in the morning the fortunate people who were to be allowed on board would collect at the end of the beach where the jetties were, and camp there for the day on their baggage. A line of soldiers was drawn across the beach lower down to keep back the rest. A rumor and a stir goes through the crowd. The steamer has been reported; and presently a little black tramp appears outside and crawls warily round the point, treading delicately through mine-fields, known and unknown, Italian and Austrian. There is a sigh of relief when she has picked her way through the wrecks that crowd the harbor, and casts anchor off the end of the jetty. The wrecks look ugly, but they serve a good purpose as a shield from submarines' torpedoes, and a confusion to destroyers' guns. Away over there, on the far beach, lies an unexploded torpedo, shining on the sand, as a reminder that such a shield may have its uses. It came out of the blue one day, and jumped ashore like a shark that had lost its way.

The jetty is thronged with Serbian soldiers, ready to unload the ship. They are rough figures, brown of face and dressed in ragged clothes that have taken now the color of the earth on which the men have slept for so many nights. When they arrived, a few weeks ago, they were little better than living skeletons; but these men of the Medua force, some three thousand in all, have had the good luck to be at the source of the food supply, and already they are looking comparatively hale and hearty. They have begun to

sing again round their camp-fires at night, up on the ridge amongst the chestnut trees.

There is no time to lose, because of the aeroplanes. The ship has hardly come to rest before she is surrounded by little sailing craft, squat, half-decked boats, that in time of peace ply between here and the Boyana River, passing up to Scutari. Now their occupation is gone because of the Austrian submarines. One did try to get round, a few days ago, and was captured and sunk by a submarine so close to our point that Italian sailors, hidden in the rocks, succeeded in hitting one of the submarine's crew with a rifle. They make good lighters enough. At any rate, they are all that there are. Crew and soldiers work like steam-engines, with one eye upon a certain flagstaff that stands by the ruined warehouse where the Admiral lives. Soon the boats are passing to the jetty and lines of soldiers are running up and down like ants, building stacks of boxes, good English biscuit and French *pain de guerre*, piles of tins of bully beef, and heaps of sacks of flour. At one end of the ship, men are tumbling bales of compressed fodder into the sea. They float ashore in time, and the horses and oxen seem to like the stuff all the better for the salt.

On board, the larder of the *Maestro di Casa* is besieged by the licensed brigands of the various officers' messes ashore, in search of anything to eat and drink which will relieve the monotony of bully beef and soldiers' bread and check incipient scurvy. One goes off in triumph with a string of tomatoes; one gets a puncheon of wine, or a bottle of oil, or a tin of jam, or precious potatoes, doled out by the kilo. The *Maestro* explains that he cannot bring more, because, in view of mines and torpedoes, it is too risky an investment for his capital.

All the while batches of starved

ponies and trains of ox-carts are drifting up through the crowd on the beach, and drifting off again, laden with sacks and boxes. They take their burdens a mile or two along the road to Alessio, and drop them in a series of *caches* there, where they are less conspicuous to aeroplanes. Thence the stuff passes gradually on its way up the road to Alessio and Scutari. The ox-carts with enormous wheels, five feet in diameter, are Montenegrin. Serbian carts ought to have four wheels, but those here have only two. They all had to be cut in half, in order to get them over the Albanian passes. For the most part the horses are in miserable plight: the road is strewn with them, dead and dying. The oxen look, at least, in better case. They have this good quality, that they spare one's feelings by seeming in quite good condition until they are actually spent, and then, without warning, they lie down and die. But a spent horse is a heart-rending sight, or would be, but for sights more heart-rending still.

Above the crowd on the beach the Admiral is pacing his "quarter deck," a little stone terrace that the Serbs have built for him by his warehouse. The dark, powerfully-built officer talking to him is Colonel Neditch, his Serbian commandant of the local military forces, whose strong hand maintains the substantial order that underlies the apparent confusion of the beach. They are beset by all sorts of men, but chiefly by refugees begging for a passage. Unfortunately, a ship will not hold more than it can, and all the comfort that can be given to most is the advice to make the best of their way to Durazzo, while food holds out, and before the Austrians come. Women, old men, and children can be sent away by sea, perhaps; men must face the marshes and mountains of the journey south. The poor folk turn gloomily away. A weedy youth comes with a

written petition, which I copy verbatim here:—

To His Exelency

Admiral of St. John Harbor

26. 12. 1915

Personally

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND MERRY NEW  
YEAR!

Your Exelency

It is six days since I arrived here; it is six days of terrible starvation; and six days of sorrowfull endurance.

As American student I come in Serbia two years ago, and now having been pushed in this dead corner in this harbor I pray to Our Lord to save my life.

I, and few of my commrads students, beg your Exelency, as noble Englishman, and appeal to your kindness to save us, to save our yong lifes.

Highly prizing your kindnes

I remain

very respectfully yours

Novelist.

A pathetic appeal! The sorrowfully enduring Novelist wants, of course, a passage out of this dead corner: but inquiry shows that he and his comrades have some money, and as much food as anybody else. They are better able to face the tramp to Durazzo than many others, so there is no passage for them.

A band of Bulgar prisoners is working near, swarthy Tartar fellows in the Russian uniform, which is now the visible sign of their nation's great betrayal. Some are sprinkling lime-water as a disinfectant; some scraping bacon that has been washed ashore from the wrecks. Under the coating of green scum, it is still quite eatable—at least by men who would otherwise have nothing to help down their dry bread. Some are carrying stores. One lets a box fall: it breaks, and some biscuits tumble out. Prisoners and soldiers crowd together round the booty and snatch the broken bits, till a *Narednik* runs up and cuffs them off.

It seems a pity that they should not be allowed such gleanings; but discipline is discipline, even at Medua.

It is midday, and the ship is half empty; but it is destined to be a day of alarms. Men in sight of that flag-staff suddenly drop their loads and run. A red flag (a seaman's bandana handkerchief in private life) has gone fluttering up to the top of it. A hoarse bugle blows a series of staccato notes. Now everybody is running and calling "aeroplani." In a minute the beach is empty but for the piles of stores and baggage, and a ripple of brown humanity is flowing up the steep hillside. The boats are pushing off in urgent haste from alongside the ship and scattering out into the harbor. We shall have only three minutes' law after the signal, so there is no time to waste in the scramble up and away from the more dangerous zone. It is bad going through the thorn bushes, and in spite of the effort of our newly appointed sanitary authority the hillside is filthy. We have got a few hundred feet only above the houses, when "toek! toek! toek! toek!" begins from a higher ridge upon the right. That is our battery of machine guns that lives up there to greet the air raiders. They are at it now, hard and continuously. From the left, down nearer the sea, comes a "boch! whew!" There is a battery of aged field guns there; they are having long shots before the aeroplanes overhead get out of range. We are nearly at the top of the lower ridge above the beach, when we hear a humming in the air, and a monoplane sails into sight over the crest, low down and coming straight for us.

We know it well by sight: it is one of the Austrian bomb-droppers. There are little cotton-woolly puffs of shrapnel smoke being born all round about it in the sky, but none of them are near enough to trouble it. Now we are at

the top of the ridge, and we see two other bomb-droppers closely following the first. One considers the course that Number One is setting with some solicitude, trying to persuade oneself that he is not coming right overhead, but he is. A rabbit-like dash to one side only makes the matter worse. In a second or two he will be right above. Our machine-guns are now firing over our heads, so it is a good plan to lie down behind a rock. A short or spent bullet will be no more welcome a guest because it was fired by an ally. Now the brute is straight overhead, and inwardly one adjures him: "Hold on, Willy! Don't drop it yet!" and then "Go on! go on!" He goes, but a second afterwards he seems to have made up his mind that this bit of the ridge looks a likely place for a gun emplacement. There is a noise as if a bit of canvas had been ripped from the zenith to the earth, an ear-cracking grunt and the smack of a Titan's whip, and a black cloud of smoke and dust jumps up amongst the rocks. Big bees go buzzing about, and the rocks all round seem to be crackling a little. But it is the ship that they are really after. The three raiders form up into a queue and circle over it in turn. There is crack after crack, and black volcanoes spring from the water till the ship is hidden in a fog of fumes and spray. The last thing visible there is men diving over the side. The machine-guns are keeping up their spasmodic stammer, and the field guns are coughing. Fifteen bombs have been dropped, mostly round the ship, a few on the beach, meant for the houses and piles of stores. With the fifteenth bomb the performance is over, and the aeroplanes wheel out to sea and drone away to the north. It seems impossible that there should be anything left of the ship. But, as the fog clears, there she lies as before. Nothing has hit her. The buildings and stores, too,

have escaped. The Admiral's coxswain has beaten all competitors, in a race for the nearest boat, and is pulling out to pick up the dead fish. But the raid was not wholly without effect. There are three huddled heaps on the beach. Three more Serbian soldiers have died in the discharge of their duty.

The red flag is run down; the bugle blows a reassuring blast; and slowly the beach fills up again with its swarming crowd of men and beasts. The attack was sure to come, and it is a relief to get it over. By afternoon the ship is cleared of its cargo and the embarkation of refugees begins. When the rejected see the more fortunate beginning to go on board, they become almost uncontrollable. They attack the restraining line of soldiers and, swarming round by the rocks behind, drop on to the beach by unexpected paths. There are no barriers, and, as darkness falls, it is impossible to keep the beach clear. The sands and the jetty become jammed with a mass of clamorous humanity. Those chosen must take their chance. Unless they were prudent enough to get close up to the jetty early in the day, they are likely to lose their passage. Our one little steamboat puffs, overladen, to and from the ship. An officer at the end of the jetty struggles to keep himself from being shoved into the water, while he calls out in bad French or rudimentary Serbian for the folk who ought to be embarking—*Messieurs les Ministres*, or *Messieurs les Députés*, or *Messieurs les Officiers malades*. Each journey unauthorized men have to be forcibly restrained from getting into the boat, and a way has to be cleft through the press for some authorized person who has been crowded out. Unauthorized rowing boats, heavy with refugees, spring up from nowhere out of the dark, and try to rush the gangways. Sometimes they succeed: more often they fail. Some particularly unauth-

orized and obstreperous boarding gang gets itself thrown into the water. As the night wears on, the ship fills up, men and women whose hopes are vanishing begin to weep and pray, and a continuous clamor of shouting and beseeching goes up from the whole beach. At last the ship has its full burden, and there is nothing left for the authorities to do but to take refuge in the house and bar the doors. But for hours yet the boats row vainly round the ship and the turmoil of voices continues along the shore. Amidst the general hubbub you can distinguish over and over again the words of entreaty: *Molim vas, Gospodine! molim vas!* At midnight a searchlight flashes on to the haven from out in the bay. An Italian destroyer of the escort has dashed in and is giving the signal for departure. The ship weighs, and creeps off through the mine fields. Silence falls on those left behind, and they return to their lairs amongst the rocks.

For a month the Admiral and the staff of the British Naval Mission stayed at Medua, landing food and speeding it on its way up country to feed the starving army, and shipping Serbian notabilities and refugees over to Italy. In the meanwhile the army slowly, all too slowly as it seemed at the time, was making its way down the road from Scutari to Alessio, and beginning the difficult march from Alessio to Durazzo. It was clear that the situation was an explosive one. In the north the Austrians were pressing the Montenegrins. The rumbling of the guns bombarding Lovtchen was faintly audible at Medua. Bulgarian bands were coming through the Albanian highlands in the East, and stirring up trouble amongst the Malsors as they came. What would happen next nobody could tell, only that something certainly would happen soon. What did happen was that the Montenegrin resistance,

such as it was, suddenly collapsed. There was then nothing between the still disorganized Serbian Army and the Austrians, and the delayed retreat to Durazzo had to be pushed on post haste. It was good to think that the Army was fortified for its further marches by a month of rest and food. In a day or two the Austrians were on the Boyana River, twenty-four hours' march to the north. Another day, and Bulgarian bands were coming out of the hills and firing on the road between Scutari and Alessio at Babaloushi. Northern Albania was lost, and Medua had to be evacuated.

On the night of January 20th the Admiral and his staff, with the *corps diplomatique* from Cettigne, made their escape to Brindisi on an Italian destroyer, sent to escort the last two food ships of the Allies that would come to Medua. At midnight the convoy was ready to start, the two tramps crowded to the gunwale with the last of the refugees, and the deck of the destroyer strewn with the huddled forms of diplomats and officers, trying to keep out the cold. By the fitful light of the camp-fires we could see our familiar beach still piled with our stores, which we hoped that the Serbians would eat, and not the Austrians. Against the fires was silhouetted a battery of field guns which it had proved impossible to embark. There was a brilliant moon. The propeller of our destroyer was just beginning to turn, when the air became full of a rattling buzz. "The skipper of the tramp has been wasting coal," said one beside me. But it was not the tramp blowing off steam. A moment after three big bombs fell with terrific whacks within a hundred yards of our starboard quarter. The flashes and black eruptions made the moonlit water look like a lake in hell. With great enterprise an Austrian aeroplane had taken advantage of the moonlight to fly over and give us a

parting salute. The destroyer's anti-aircraft gun waved to and fro, but the human owl was invisible against the dark of the sky. Some more bombs fell on the beach, and one raised a great shower of sparks. Perhaps it had hit a pile of biscuit boxes; perhaps, at last, they had planted one on the "quarter deck." The tramps were now getting past the mine fields, and our destroyer dashed off after them. There was good reason to believe that a submarine was waiting outside, so we were no sooner past the mines than the destroyer sprang ahead at thirty knots and over, swinging round and round the tramps in gigantic spirals and figures of eight, like a mad greyhound gamboling about a pair of decayed

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jackasses. Out behind us was thrown a roaring white wake in loops about the surface of the sea. An hour or two of nerves at high tension brought us through the dangerous area, and the convoy settled down into a more orderly procession, making its slow way to Brindisi.

Looking back from a great distance, we could see quick scintillations of light in the night sky over Medua. It was the Serbian field guns saluting some returning aeroplane with shrapnel fire. That was our last sight of a place which, for its size, held for a time more misery and grief, more fortitude and gallant endurance, than so small a place, I should think, can ever have held before.

*E. Hilton Young.*

## SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

### CHAPTER XII.

The joy-bells that should have rung for Clemmie's happy release, and the feast that should have been spread in her honor, were all postponed and abandoned when it was found on the return of the party from the Town Hall that Mrs. Darling was seriously anxious about Tony. Whether it was the cake or not, no one knew, but the poor little boy was in terrible pain. Miss Crawley's kind servants were rushing hither and thither getting remedies for him, and the returning motor cars were welcomed in order that a doctor might be immediately sent for from London. The village medical man was slow to pronounce it a case of appendicitis, but it was feared that an operation, and that a serious one, would have to be performed immediately. Tony's temperature was high, his cheeks were flushed, and Jacquetta who had made one spring from the bottom of the stairs to the top was kneeling by his cot in a chintz bedroom before Mrs. Darling had

nearly done explaining what was wrong with him. The village doctor had remained in the room with the child, and Jacquetta turned sharply on him. "He must not have anything else done to him," she said fiercely; "there'll be nothing of Tony left."

"If an operation can be avoided," he said, "I should be the first to say, 'Avoid it.' One can see that your brother has very little constitution."

"Ah!" She put up her hand as if she had been struck, and said, "I wish you wouldn't say that—I wish you wouldn't!"

The doctor took up one of Tony's thin little hands from the counterpane and looked doubtfully at it. "We will do our best for him," he said.

His forced hopefulness seemed to put words to the fear that Jacquetta felt.

"He's often been ill before," she said, still in the concentrated hard voice in which she had already spoken, "and he has always pulled through."

"We will pull him through now if we can," said the doctor.

Tony took her hand within his own very tiny one: he was not unconscious and began to be fretful and to want first this thing and then that.

She promised to get him anything he asked for and said to him in a subdued way, very soothing and quieting, "This is market day, Tony, and the village shop is shut, but you just let me know what you want and I'll get it for you."

"I don't want the shops to be shut," said Tony. "Why are the shops shut? Then why are there market days? Who said there were to be market days? Did God say there were to be market days? I want a toy."

"What toy do you want, Tony, darling?"

"I want a cock with a whistle in its tail. I want it more than anything in the wide world."

"I didn't know cocks had whistles in their tails," said poor Jacquetta. "Would it do if you pressed them and they squeaked, Tony?"

"No, no!" he said wilfully, "there's only one sort of cock that I want, and it must have a whistle in its tail, Jack; truthfully it must."

"We will get one in Abbeywood tomorrow," said Jacquetta.

"You will promise that it doesn't squeak? I want a cock that whistles quite loud, but it mustn't squeak."

"It shall not squeak."

"Jack, I don't think I have been attending to my diet very carefully."

"I am afraid you haven't, Tony."

"Perhaps it was the rabbit," he said, "or it may have been the cake."

"But if Tony lies quiet and doesn't fret he will soon be well again."

"I should be well if I had a cock with a whistle in its tail."

"You shall have a cock," she said confidently, wondering even as she spoke if such a strange and weird animal as a

cock thus constituted could possibly exist.

"I like cocks with whistles in their tails," he murmured, and holding her hand he fell asleep.

The London doctor came noiselessly into the room presently, held an examination in company with the local practitioner, and announced the case one of appendicitis requiring an operation not later than the following day, and in the present condition of Tony's health its success was not altogether certain.

A hospital nurse was summoned from Erling Magna, but Tony, most difficult of children, would have no one but his sister Jack with him in the room. He became excited if anyone else was near him, and very exacting in his demands. She had become outwardly cheerful and self-possessed, and with the thought of losing him on the morrow knocking at her heart, she told him fairy tales and stories which had often done duty before, and now had to be remembered faithfully in case any change in their recital should vex the boy. The doctor heard her begin, "There was once a poo-oor little girl who had no money and no kind mother and no Nanny to put her to bed." (Her face looked carved in stone.)

"And to give her hot compresses," amended Tony.

"She lived in a tiny wee house just the size of Oscar's kennel."

"Yes, just the size of Oscar's kennel."

"And she lived all alone in the little house, and one day her mother was very ill——"

"Oh, but that's the other story," he said, ready to cry. "You know that's the one about the carol singer."

She had to begin all over again from the date of Oscar's mysterious birth, and tried to recall every vicissitude in that strange and chequered career. Tony corrected her when he was not whimpering with pain, and the doctor

left them together to make his report to Mrs. Darling.

On the mat outside the nursery door he ran against Tom Beamish who said quickly and excitedly, "I must go and tell her. Tony's all right with his sister, isn't he?" Then, as the doctor nodded, "This will be a frightful shock for his mother. I had better go and break it to her."

He ran downstairs in his agile manner and drew Mrs. Darling into the morning room where they could be alone, and then began, with an utter lack of conscientiousness, to water down everything that the doctor had said about Master Darling's condition. There was positively no danger, Tom assured her. But at the word "appendicitis" something in Mrs. Darling's heart stood still. She knew her boy's delicacy of constitution, and how hardly other operations had gone with him. She had borne many things in her day, and borne them meekly, but now a very strange thing happened. Something fierce and unlike herself rose within her, and she was no longer the gentle mother of so many years' patient and loving ministrations, but a woman in revolt, half desperate with grief and anxiety, and in her pitiable and distraught condition suddenly unjust and hard, revealing perhaps a nature of which the owner herself and those about her were hardly aware. "There is nothing like a gentle good woman for giving one surprises at times," Cosmo had often said.

She turned upon Tom Beamish and called him cruel and unkind. Why had he brought this terrible message to her? Why should she suffer any more? Tony would die, there was no hope for him, and (it all came out with a burst) Tom had never loved him. Tom had always thought him stupid and troublesome, and now perhaps he would be sorry.

"Annette, Annette!" said poor Tom in an agony.

"I can't help it, Tom," she said, "I must speak! If he were to die tomorrow I don't believe you'd care."

"You are breaking my heart," he said, "by the way you are talking."

She wrung her hands, and began to protest in an excited miserable way, very foreign to her usual calm. "He's all I've got," she wailed, "he's all I've got. The girls are dear to me, but they will marry and then, I have always said to myself, I shall always have Tony, and now he is going to be taken from me."

"No, no," he said eagerly, "children pull through so wonderfully. We will get the very best advice that can be had."

She was not heeding him, but went on, "Tom, I have tried not to grumble when Fate has been too much for me. I have said to myself that perhaps Fate sent Mr. Darling——"

"Fate be blowed!" said Tom.

"—And that perhaps it was good for me to suffer. And I have said, too that the loss of fortune was a small thing."

"Which it isn't," said Tom.

"But I can't lose Tony, I can't lose him!"

"You shan't lose him," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't touch me, Tom," she cried out, flinging him off, "and don't be the one to come and tell me when he's dead."

He was done with kind words too, for the moment, and acted as unlike Tom Beamish of ordinary days as it is possible for a man to do.

"Haven't I suffered too, Annette?" he said, and even when he made a declaration of love Mr. Beamish spoke violently. "Haven't I seen you getting weary and worn out and lined with care, and haven't I loved you through it all faithfully and deeply as ever a man could love a woman? And yet I have never been allowed to say a

word, because you are good and it only would have shocked you."

"It shocks me now," she exclaimed, putting up her hand as though to ward off a blow. "It shocks me more than I can tell you. My husband may not be a good man or a good husband, but he is my husband, and I can't listen to what you are saying."

"How much longer am I to wait?" he said ferociously. "Is Darling going to continue his miserable existence indefinitely?"

"Tom, Tom!" she said, putting up her hand again.

"And am I to stand by and see you, with all the dear color gone out of your face, struggling to bear up and be cheerful and praise God in the midst of flames? Before Heaven, Annette, I would rather see a man burned at the stake than see you suffer as you have had to suffer all these years."

"It isn't in our hands," she protested. "Suffering comes and we have got to bear it and no one can help us."

"No one can help us," he returned fiercely, "because we live in a putrid, conventional, abominable state of society in which all that is lovely or loving has to be choked and suppressed, and because, forsooth, I love you and you are the wife of Cosmo Darling, I cannot even fill your poor purse with money from my plentiful one. I have to stand aside and see you bearing everything and saying nothing."

Suddenly in her grief, and in the midst of this revelation which had come with such amazing unexpectedness to her, she had time to remember her sister Julia. Julia had always cared for Tom, and Tom, surely, had always cared for Julia. There must be some hideous mistake about it all, and she could only murmur impotently, "I can't believe it, it can't be true!"

"What can't be true?" he said.

"That you care for me."

She was far too loyal to her sister to bring Julia's name into the discussion, and she beat her hands together and said in a tone almost of horror, "This is dreadful, dreadful!"

"Well, it's out now at any rate," Mr. Beamish said, almost with a note of joyousness in his voice. "I have bottled it up for years, but it's out now anyway."

All at once she felt the comfort of his love and its trustworthiness, and began to speak to him about Tony. Jacquetta was with the boy, and the doctor had said that not even his mother had better enter the room while he was so contented and quiet. Excitement was what had to be avoided for him, and Jacquetta was busy telling him her absorbing little stories which lulled him better than anything else and kept him from thinking about his suffering.

"I'll go up and listen again," Tom said, "and then I'll creep down and tell you how they are getting on." But she would not allow him to go alone, and took his arm and they went together up the old oak staircase to the little bedroom above. From within the room they could hear Jacquetta's voice coming to the dramatic conclusion of the story, when the ice creams and the chocolate shapes are sent home in a hamper to the carol singer's mother.

"I don't want ice creams and chocolate shapes," wailed Tony, whose mind and stomach alike revolted against the thought of nourishment. "I want a cock with a whistle in its tail."

"What do you think we will call the cock?" said his sister. Tony had always taken a great interest in the naming of his toys.

"I think I will call him Albert," he said. "I wish I had my little cock now."

"I think Albert's a splendid name," she said—poor Jacquetta, trying to keep back the tears all the time.

"I do want it now, Jack. I know I could get better if I had a cock with a whistle in its tail."

"We will get you one, Tony, if there is one in the world."

"But I want it now!"

On the doormat outside Mr. Beamish trod heavily upon Mrs. Darling's foot, and dashed downstairs.

And thus it was that Mr. Macpherson, tramping out from Abbeywood station on a very hot afternoon, met his old friend in his light clothes and smart Panama hat, tearing madly towards the little town.

No one had remembered about Mr. Macpherson's arrival, and he was a man who was not altogether unaccustomed to being forgotten at railway stations. The brougham or the motor car frequently did not meet him, but Miss Crawley was always proverbially careful in these matters, and he thought now that Tom must have been sent to tell him that the motor car had broken down, or that some other minor calamity had happened.

"Why, Tom," he said, as the perspiring pedestrian drew near, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Tom, coming to a brief halt and, speaking with unnatural calm, "I am only going into Abbeywood to get a cock with a whistle in its tail."

"Tom!" said Mr. Macpherson. Mr. Beamish's abstemious habits were well known, and Mr. Macpherson could only guess that he had had some sort of heat stroke. "Tom, get into the shade, and let's have a look at you."

"I have broken her heart, as I knew I should," said the elderly gentleman, still in the same calm tone, "and if I have been brutal to a boy who ought to have been my own, is it very much for me to do to try and make a little reparation when he's evidently dying? Oh, don't interrupt me, Willie, there's very little hope."

Mr. Macpherson shook him by the arm. "Pull yourself together, man," he said. "Who is dying and who ought to have been your boy?"

"Annette's, of course," he barked at him.

"But Cosmo isn't dead yet," said Mr. Macpherson

"Don't remind me of that, for God's sake," said Tom irritably. His irritation was more like his old self, and Mr. Macpherson begged to be told what had happened.

"As I told you, *nothing*," said Tom, "except that Clemmie has just escaped imprisonment and has been tried in a court of law the whole afternoon, and Tony is dying, and I have let out to Annette what I never meant to tell her as long as that carcass whom she calls her husband was alive, that I have loved her for years. That surprises you, of course? Fools!"

"I knew it, and so did Clemmie," said Willie Macpherson.

"Clemmie isn't canny," remarked Mr. Beamish, "I am glad you know, Bill."

"Go home and think things over quietly," recommended Mr. Macpherson.

"Go home, go home!" retorted the distracted gentleman, with an action of tearing his hair. "That's what the magistrate has been saying to Clemmie all the afternoon, just as if home always meant peace and quietness and absence of trouble. Why, you'd have to strip your home bare of everything you love before it ceased to be a menace to your peace."

"Have you told her?"

"Told her what?"

"That you love her?"

"I let it out."

"Cosmo can't last long."

"Well, that's the best bit of news that has yet reached me! Hang it, Bill, I don't want to hustle a man out of this world, but Darling's been in it a

bit too long for everyone's comfort. Where did you see him?"

"At Brighton. I was going to tell Mrs. Darling that I thought she had better get him up to London again. I suppose they knew I was coming down here?"

"You said you were coming, didn't you? I had quite forgotten that."

"Did Miss Crawley forget?"

"I don't know. You see, Julia's been nearly off her head too, and the motor cars have been used in every direction. I did hear her say that she was trying to hire a conveyance, but I don't think I paid much attention."

At this moment, Miss Julia Crawley arrived, driving herself in a small dog-cart, and Willie Macpherson said, "I am sure we can give you a lift, Tom."

He put up his hands to his head and said, "Haven't I told you, man, a hundred times, that I have got to get a cock with a whistle in its tail? Oh, you thought I was off my head. Well, my dear fellow, I am not, only if Tony dies tomorrow he may as well have the one thing that he fancies today, and I may have the satisfaction of treating him with a little less than my usual blundering brutality. Now, if you have a scrap of humanity in you, let me walk on, and you can get into the dog-cart with Julia and drive home."

Thus Mr. Macpherson got an unexpected drive with his beloved, and there was not even a chaperon on the back seat.

Tom, densest of men on matters which did not concern himself or were not obviously brought to his notice, said to himself, "How nice those two look," as the dog-cart drove away.

It was the most inappropriate remark he could have made, for Julia was a person who ought always to have sat in a barouche with a pair of horses, and her hair beautifully done, or else in a gray-lined motor car, with two men in

flat hats sitting in front of her. She looked as nearly as possible absurd sitting in the little dog-cart, and her faultlessly cut dress although it had a country air, was too beautiful for the small village conveyance.

Mr. Macpherson sat beside her, and because the opportunity of having a chat with Julia was a good one, he never spoke at all. He sat with his umbrella between his knees and listened to all she had to say, and wondered how he could get his luggage conveyed from the station without giving extra trouble.

There was so much to tell him! And Willie was a good listener, particularly when, as on this occasion, his sympathy was required. The anxiety about Tony's illness was almost too acute to put into words, but she told him about Clemmie, and hinted about Jemima's bad health, and said that her poor sister seemed nearly distracted between one thing and another.

At this Mr. Macpherson took counsel with himself, and then said aloud, "It would be useless to tell her about her husband now, but I am afraid Cosmo is looking awfully ill."

Here was another worry for poor Mrs. Darling! No one thought of her husband's death except as a worry, but there seemed to be an idea in everyone's mind that Cosmo was one of those men who are born to give trouble as the sparks fly upwards, and that his leaving of this world would as ill become him as his sojourn in it.

"You don't think it's likely to be immediate," said Miss Crawley, with anxiety and relief in her tone.

"Well, no, I don't, and his sister is looking after him very well. But there are too many comforts in that house of hers at Brighton, and I am afraid poor Cosmo hasn't been accustomed to a very regular way of living. Three heavy meals a day and one or two light ones are simple ruin to a man

who has lived as he has done the last few years."

She said with a little quiver of the lip, "He has been such a difficult man to help!"

Already he saw that she was reproaching herself as though Cosmo had been dead, and that, with her usual sensitiveness, she was taking herself to task for not having done more.

"You have helped him far too much," he said in his shy way, and thus encouraged she poured forth some of the difficulties which had beset her for years past. Her luxurious house in Wessex Street had always been an interest to her, and she was glad to think it had been "a center" for the family, but the old trouble about having more money than her sister perplexed her, and he knew for the first time how odious it was for her to have a better establishment and more comfortable means than Mrs. Darling.

"They all benefit by your unselfishness," he said sturdily.

"I never seem to be unselfish," she said humbly; "there is nothing really to expend myself upon."

"Do you know," he said simply, "I have never met the man or the woman who did not love you, Julia."

"I have my faithful servants——"

"Who would probably die for you."

"Yes, but I am too well waited upon!" she protested. "I believe I am one of those women whom servants spoil dreadfully, and I am never allowed to do a thing for myself."

He said "Quite right," in the awkward way he had, and would fain have said more. The old pony jogged along between the shafts, and was allowed at last to settle down into a walk.

When they reached the hall door, it seemed as if their conversation had only just begun, but the news about Tony was not reassuring, and there was much to do and to think about.

The specialist from London was

expected down shortly to perform the operation, and an anæsthetist was coming out from Erling Magna. Two nurses were in attendance, and were somewhat detached and professional. They had rather a dressed up appearance, as though their uniforms were too immaculate for common use. Tony was dissatisfied with them but got a little pathetic amusement by naming one, whose name was Ruth, Ruthie, and the other, whose teeth were long and shiny, Toothie. When he had made this little joke many scores of times he still got some satisfaction out of it and still required his sister to applaud it.

Jacquetta had begun to do all the foolish, tender-hearted things which all foolish, tender-hearted women do in cases of illness. She sat up when the patient was being carefully watched by other people, and was even sleeping, and she sat in a cramped position on the bed in order to satisfy her whim for suffering with the sick. She fidgeted even the professional nurses, whose skill was past all praise, in the manner of measuring out medicine and in giving the proper amount of ventilation. The nurses knew every phase in the anxiety of watchers, and accepted it as part of their nursing experience, and Jacquetta, who always disliked being catalogued according to some shared variety in her character, disliked this habit as much as anything else that they did. She affected a brisk manner and remained dry-eyed during the whole of Tony's illness. She was hopeless about him, and told him stories with the shadow of death over him and with the shadow of despair over herself.

And so the miserable day wore on, and Tom came back from his absurd shopping expedition with two cocks in his coat-tail pockets, each provided with the proper whistle in the proper place. But Tony was far too ill to look at them now, and he lay in bed half-unconscious, holding Jacquetta's hands

in his own while his mother watched at the window for the arrival of the London specialist, saying to herself in an agony, "He will never come!" Tom kept guard down in the garden, and seemed to think he was expediting matters by taking out his watch several times and consulting it as he walked rapidly up and down the sunny path between the flower-beds. Some instinct of fellow-suffering seemed to make it impossible for him to sit down underneath the trees, or it may have been the still deeper instinct which kept him in view of the watching woman by the window. Jemima had wakened to her old helpfulness again and was busy downstairs and to Julia fell the humble if not altogether useless task of keeping the small household, hitherto undisturbed, in a proper state of efficiency for a large party.

Sir Mortimer Wilkes had to be summoned because Jacquetta knew, and said emphatically, that he was the one person in the world who could save Anthony. She knew him well in London, and said he never gave her the fidgets. Above five o'clock he arrived from London. He had the calmness of great skill about him, and the anxious household felt as if a savior had arrived amongst them. The local doctor in attendance gave his report, the nurses gave theirs, Mrs. Darling also wanted to be heard, and so did Tom Beamish who thought he was the only person who understood the case, and was longing to tell the doctor that Tony had been eating far too much, but thought it might sound brutal to do so considering how ill the boy was.

Their explanations and descriptions promising to be long, Sir Mortimer went with his heavy stride straight upstairs and turned down the bed-clothes, summoned the anaesthetist, and then the door closed upon the three men and the two nurses who fought for a child's life while the

household remained breathless waiting for the result.

Most persons before they are gray-haired can look back upon a similar period of tortured waiting. Most persons before they are gray-haired have walked up and down and have wished to bargain their lives away for the sake of another's in the room upstairs. They will always remember the time thus spent, and no one need ever describe it to them.

Tom sat downstairs with his arm supporting the weeping Mrs. Darling, to whose immediate anxieties had been added fresh trouble in the shape of an alarming letter from her sister-in-law at Brighton. She had ceased to tell Tom not to support her so tenderly, and indeed, poor soul, she was glad of his support under any circumstances. Good woman as she was, she required some one's shoulder to weep on, and probably there was no kinder or broader one in the world than Tom's.

"My poor Annette!" he said from time to time. "My poor girl." (She was always a girl to him.)

When he was not consoling her, he was fussing about getting tea or wine-and-water for everyone, and he ran up and down stairs much too often, and thought it important that Tony should have his little cocks as soon as he was conscious.

"I know how the child frets for things," he said, and indeed, poor Tom had often suffered from Tony's importunities.

Even when the operation was pronounced successfully over, there was still grave cause for anxiety. Mrs. Darling was allowed to have one look at the little boy, lying flushed, sick, and only half conscious on his bed, and Jacquetta remained on in the room and never left it all night. The nurses grew accustomed to having her there: she was very quiet and still and said nothing, and the doctor looked keenly

at her before he left to get some rest, and said, "He will want her when he wakes."

In the midst of the general disorganization it seemed absurd to think of dinner, but Julia's servants were always ruthless in the matter of routine, and a silent miserable party assembled in the dining-room. The general anxiety had extended itself to the kitchen and the pantry, but fillets were still cooked and glasses were still washed, and Forty and Bodnim handed round peaches at dessert with the faithful precision of soldiers going through drill, no matter how many cases there might be in hospital.

Mrs. Darling slipped away before the meal was concluded, through sheer inability to restrain her emotion, and Jemima followed her to her room to minister to her and to offer such remedies as the occasion seemed to suggest. Absolute quiet was essential to the sick boy, and not a door was shut without caution and hardly a breath stirred about the place. Tom began to fuss about boiling milk and said he had seen cases of this sort out in India which had simply snuffed out from want of proper attention.

Willie Macpherson said to Julia, "Come and sit in the garden," and as he had had a miserable time of it since arriving, and had had no attention bestowed upon him, she ascertained first, that the child was sleeping comfortably and followed him out on to the dusky lawn to the striped chairs beneath the trees.

"I am not much use, am I?" she said as she sat down.

He looked at her in perplexity, for a woman's thoughts were always more puzzling to him than the profoundest scientific problems, and she went on, "They have each other. My sister wants no one but Jemima, and the boy is hers, even the anxiety about him belongs to her, and Jacquetta is in the sick-room."

"And you," he said to Julia, "are doing all the work that doesn't show."

"I think," she said, with rather a wan smile, "that men always rather approve of Marthas."

"And Jacquetta will tell us that it is part of the male egoism to do so," he said, with a smile as faint as hers.

"When it is over," she said, "they will drive away, and Tony will lean out of the carriage window and be told to wave his hand to his aunt who has been so kind to him. They will go and build sand castles with him by the seashore somewhere, and watch him get well."

"Poor little boy! You are very fond of him," he said.

"Yes, and they have always allowed me to be fond of him," she went on, with a gentleness which was characteristic of her, and which was so little self-assertive that it did not even claim as a right the love of those near and dear to her. "Annette was always generous with her child."

"It is useless to tell you that we cannot do without you," he said, "it is such a bald, fatuous thing to say."

And she replied, "It is nice to think one is of use," but the words had a flat sound.

"When dinners have all been ordered," he said, "and the overworked servants have all been smoothed down, and all the airing and cleaning have been done, and the spade-work which generally means the heavy work is over, they will look out of the carriage window as they drive away, and bid Tony wave his hand to you."

"You see, none of them really belong to me," she said, in explanation of conduct which she was afraid her companion might think cold.

It seemed part of the emotionalism of the day that he should then cling to her hand in the darkness, and tell her that he was solitary too, and that all his life had been filled with love for her.

He was not to be stopped when he had once begun. Something lonely and inefficient about him was over forever. He spoke, and the affection of years was in his voice and in his eyes. She saw his face in the dim light, and knew then that it was the face of a man who has suffered, and it came upon her like a great wave that all the solitude of his life, and all the wish to be loved, and all the need for a woman's tenderness, was centered in her. He had never wanted another woman and would never want another. He had said nothing, because he had always been poor and solitary, but now he was on fire to speak to her, and God knows whether or not the good fellow was trying to gain some promise from her before ever she found out that Tom cared for her sister.

He babbled like a boy, saying, "I must have you," and still, in the hot-headed speech of youth, he seemed to control every feeling of hers that might rise up against him. It was worship that he felt for her, and at any moment blundering Tom might let out his secret attachment for Annette.

"It isn't a little love; it has been all my life. I have never seen anything beautiful that it has not reminded me of you, and I have never thought anything good that it has not been due to you, and I have never had anything in the world that I have not wished to lay it at your feet."

The wealth of his affection, in contrast with the isolation of spirit which she had lately felt, seemed to her like the bursting of spring after winter, or as the blossoming of red June roses. The torrent of his affection was not one whit too strong for her. All her life she had felt that her heart was a reservoir, of which one day one man would open the flood gates. She hardly remembered who it was that she always believed would open them; another hand and another heart had touched

hers, and she rose with all the gallantry of a nature splendid but long repressed, and capable of a full and generous love.

Once she thought to murmur, "I am too old, you cannot love me like this," but the words died away on her lips when she heard his passionate pleading begin again.

"Don't send me away," he said, "I cannot bear it. I cannot go back to the coldness and the loneliness again. Here, out in the darkness, I have you to myself, and I can never be without you again. Don't send me away again," he said hoarsely, "don't send me away."

She put her arms about him then, for all the tenderness in her was aroused, and all the need he had of her was splendidly and gloriously evident. She wanted to be good to him all his life, this timid quiet man, whom no one served very well, and no one but a few mad professors took at his proper worth. She wanted to protect him from all the hard things of life, almost as a man protects a woman, and he heard her murmur above him, "You must never suffer and be lonely again."

That is how the evening ended.

When the stars came out they peeped into Anthony's room, where the candles were burning, and at the watching nurses, and at Jacquetta, with her hungry eyes fixed upon the little boy as she sat in a chair by his bed, and they shone on the dusty highroad where a big motor car was traveling back to London with a man who had done his work well, and had saved one more human life to add to the great roll of names which owed their very existence to his skill. And as he looked out into the dark he was saying to himself, "I've saved her brother for her anyway, and Jack will remember that. I hope I shan't trade upon her gratitude."

The merry stars, always humorous even in the face of poor humanity's little tragedies, shone, too, on Mrs. Darling on her knees blessing God for

His goodness, and crying to Him to forgive her for having allowed Tom Beamish to love her, even for a few hours of desperate need. And they shone through little flickering holes in the trees, not very brightly but with a

(*To be concluded.*)

good deal of quiet fun, on two lovers telling all their hearts to each other, quickly, eagerly, pouring out all that they felt, living for the first time, absorbed in each other—happy, and quite absurdly young.

*S. Macnaughtan.*

## HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL: NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT.

In his tribute to English character Emerson spoke of the rude health and petulancy of our young men. "They stoutly carry," he said, "into every nook and corner of the world their turbulent sense; and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides." They may not shine in Kultur and Kriegspiel, but they know a true cause when they see one; they wage a straight fight; they endear themselves to the men they lead; above all, they "die game." Action is the very breath of their nostrils, and in "the bright eyes of danger" shines their paramount divinity. We have falsified the fear expressed in a preface of Mr. Vachell's years ago, when he wrote: "Today the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" Well, we have stood the test with something better than words, and of his own work—young, vivid, and direct—one may fairly say the same.

It is as an interpreter of action, or British character in action, that Mr. Vachell interests one most. Power in motion occupies him to the exclusion of power in repose. In this the artist is consistent with the man. A keen rider himself, he writes, you may say, with a close rein, and never loosens it till he has landed his field of characters back under shelter of a logical outcome, cheerful for choice. This passion for

energy has preserved him from the morbid, the cheap and the futile, and if he has sometimes flirted with the inadequate, he has not spared himself compensatory pains. A happy fertility has saved him from a common fate. Most writers lavish on their early work material they might have husbanded and turned to advantage later on; that kind of remorse is part of the price incurred in learning a difficult craft. Mr. Vachell attacked it under arduous conditions, in the seventeen years he spent in California, and he has never been graveled for lack of matter since. It is characteristic of him that he went there to shoot buffalo; having bagged his bull, he took up ranching, and pursued the one as he had pursued the other, to the death. There seemed no chance of war just then, so he gave up his commission in the Rifle Brigade, and alternated steers with stories. He has been heard to say there are early books of his that deserve to be "scrapped"; what is better, he has given us successors enough to wipe them out. I would put in a recommendation to mercy for the first book of all, "The Romance of Judge Ketchum." In his cow-punching period he fell in with a judge whose nose was Cyranonian enough to provoke enlargement with the pen. On the strength of his commanding organ, this Rhadamanthus of the West smelt him out an ancestry, and Mr. Vachell conceived him as coming to England to trace it. The idea of

so tough and brambly a character invading the ordered garden of an old-world society has been variously developed, but never with a better sense of comedy, and I hope to meet that "jedge" again across the footlights. This book and four or five succeeding it, come under the first of the categories into which I venture to classify our author's work. They are Stories of Race and Travel, and exceed the other sections in point of number. Once only he has reverted to this vogue in recent years—in the case of "Spragge's Canyon"; and although the character interest supersedes that of travel and type, it is a reversion in more ways than one, for it shows a return to that realism which Meredith recommended to novices as the safer course. As George Spragge said to Hazel:

"I don't think I'm one to change. Human bein's, an' animals, an' land, gits a holt o' me";

and a return to the cloudless light of the West had sharpened the novel's outlines as of old. "A Drama of Sunshine" (1897), is perhaps the popular favorite in this early group, but its desperate feuds between land-sharks and the law seem to scorch even California, and set up discord among those beautiful names of the old Spanish missions that have sown a grace of peace and canonization along the burned Pacific slope. The short stories of this and a later time fill two of Mr. Vachell's books, "Bunch Grass" and "Loot," nearly all of the cameo type, crisply cut, and episodic to a fault, but useful as showing how their author has passed from the inevitable influence of Bret Harte. With these and "John Charity"—archaic at the outset and indecisive at the close—we take our leave of California as a setting, though the author returns to it frequently for color relief and need never quite abandon so rich a field. The same holds good with regard

to Brittany, the only land that divides his affections with California and England. Brittany—the *Bretonne bretonnante*, the songs of Botrel, and the appetizing cotrillade—pass and repass through his books, much as the Venus motive haunts Tannhäuser. It was an abrupt transition, truly, from the sun-cracked foothills of the sierras to the land of legends and menhirs and pardons, with its lowering skies, and its *morne*, unearthly memories; but if California made him a man of action, Brittany helped to make him an artist and a humanist. He was in search not of landscape or melodrama, but of real men and women, creatures equal to enduring whatever providence and nature sent. The virtues he had prized in his western neighbors were "generosity, courage, and that amazing power of recuperation which enables a man to begin life again and again, undaunted by the bludgeonings of misfortune." Bludgeonings, Henley's word, will crop up over and over again, whether in the Golden State, or in the gray hinterland of Concarneau, or among the cathedral-shadowed fields of Cranberry-Oreas—wherever, in fact, there were men to be found defying convention and augury and winning by dint of the spirit. For the real victory is something better than achievement.

With his return to England—it was 1900 and his thirtieth year—Mr. Vachell gave himself to literature in earnest. From this time on he was to build up human beings from within, instead of assembling scattered notes and fragments. Bathed in the charm of our southern shires, and mellowing his recollections, he was entering on the second stage of his evolution, the period of his Society Romances, ranging from "The Pinch of Prosperity" (1903) to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim." In hours of confidence he lifts a light sarcastic nostril at mention of "The Pinch," and thinks Arthur

Wyndquest a prig. Maybe, yet the book contains worse weaknesses. One is the old device of similarity in a twin, a shuffle of identity which not even Shakespeare could use with ease. But as a "study of twisted lives" this novel shows an advance along lines of resolute ambition, and the paradox in the title harbors a tonic irony. What is more, the author has begun to understand women; he is changing from a Ulysses to an Ædipus; and Pretty Parslow proves that the sphinx of sex is yielding to the determined wooer. "Her Son," along with a grayish monotony of style and an unescapable ending, is another sign in the same direction, and I wish I had seen the play it furnished. "The Paladin" about this time marked another step in the direction of the stage, but Mr. Vachell's plays may wait awhile. "The Shadowy Third," "The Waters of Jordan," and "Blinds Down," all mild indictments of the social statute, show further improvements in the handling of womanhood, and the use of indicative and palatable satire. Clearly, we have long since outgrown the scolding vein of old Mrs. Parslow:

"I don't expect ter see men in the Noo Jeroosalem. That's why we're told there's to be no marryin' nor givin' in marriage. . . . Oh, it's we women as suffers 'ere below, but I'd be no Christian if I doubted that the men's turn will come."

There is more than assonance in name and tone connecting Mrs. Parslow and Mrs. Poyser, but the link is an honorable one, and we deserv a latent chivalry maturing in the author, if not an actual championship of womanhood. Happily, a growing confidence of touch in dealing with leisure and fashion and wealth, brings no disillusion that is not normal. Moreover, opportunity is being made and mastered, instead of turning up unsuspected or unprized, as in the callow work of years.

Goethe said that true religion con-

sisted in a triple reverence—for what is beyond us, the creatures round us, and the faculties within ourselves. The third phase reveals itself in a grip of the problem of self-conquest. Probably the book that springs first to the popular mind at mention of Mr. Vachell's name is "The Hill," which does for Harrow what "Tom Brown" did for the Rugby of half a century ago. Its characters, we are assured, were composite photographs, not portraits, but "Seud" East could hardly have been far away when that young rogue Desmond loomed upon the camera. Scaife runs a narrow risk of recalling Steerforth in "David Copperfield," but he has a fibre in him which is absent in that ringleted Lothario, and he only fails us in the sequel, "John Verney." Somehow, this last book rings hollow, like its politics, and there is no chapter in it to vie with the threefold cross-examination in Mr. Warde's study. Let us hope for better work in the third book Mr. Vachell promises to round off the trilogy. "Brothers" lifts us to a broader and a higher plane, though it was earlier in the writing, and suffers from over-emphasis. There is no comparison between the gospel of Archibald and the gospel of Mark, but the professional prelate, odious as he is, excels in workmanship the agonized apostle of the East End; and as for Betty, she is simply a stand-alone, clad in a double disappointment, ours as well as hers. Mollie in "The Other Side" enters on renunciation with a better grace, but she is eclipsed by the intensity of her father and his supernatural experience.

In previous dealings with the occult (detestable word) Mr. Vachell made mistakes like torturing a dead soul because of an unrestored ring, as if immaterial beings could be the sport of things inanimate, whether rings or tumbling tables. Here in "The Other Side" the supernatural machinery has dignity and justification, and the pref-

atory defense was hardly needed. It points out the coincidence with Mr. Bennett's novel, "The Glimpse," and pleads that the resemblance was involuntary and anticipative. As a matter of fact, the resemblance is superficial. Mr. Bennett uses the interval of disembodiment as a psychological experiment; Mr. Vachell's purpose is of the missionary order. He is out to save his hero from worldliness, as Browning does in his incomparable "Karshish," and Dickens in "A Christmas Carol." But when all is said and done, "The Other Side" is inferior to "The Face of Clay," which in many essential respects I take to be Mr. Vachell's masterpiece in the region of pure romance. One feels disposed to set this novel back among the stories of Race and Travel, but its figures are better than its background and folklore, and Téphany has no superior in the whole range of the author's work. Rumor deponeth that he awards the laurels to his latest book "The Triumph of Tim," apart from the usual enthusiasm of a writer for his youngest-born; and "Tim" certainly has undeniable claims from its dips into autobiography, and the finished roundness of its structure. Again, Daphne Rokeby is a new and lovable Penelope, without flaw or reward, but a certain elaboration of form robs the book of half its naturalness, and "Tim" must stand or fall by certain passages. These are instinct with courage and the "rougier strain" of truth; they belong to the downright school of Fielding; but the divisioning of the book distracts one by its cleverness. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Vachell is too thorough to remain a slave to mere finesse.

A word remains to be said of the plays, though by right they deserve an essay to themselves, and I have no space at all for "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Mr. Vachell owns not

only to five or six plays that the public has honored, but to nine others which will never see the light. He admits this novitiate of failure was good for him, certainly better than the early success which awaited his novels and in consequence delayed his real arrival. But he has won his stage spurs with something more than perseverance. With his faculty for hitting the public taste; it is to his credit that he has given it only his best; thank goodness, he has not, as so many other dramatists have done, yielded to the temptation:

to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth.

So far he has produced healthy and individual work, nor has he descended from the high standard of his literary ideals. His stage heroes need not fear or disdain a gallery triumph so long as they talk and act on the level of the novels. Napier's driving force in "The Case of Lady Camber" is all the more effective at the last for having been latent till then; but the Paladin he deposes, as in the novel, is the more finished piece of drawing. Somehow the tall talk that suits Sir Bedford Slufter is inappropriate in the hero, but the last act redeems this and other faults with a superb and restrained culmination, nailed up and caulked, like a good chess problem, until the key-move lets in the light. The integral action of "Jelf's" is impaired by dependence on a loud and adventitious "bookie," and Dick in the fourth act loses grit after his two fine outbursts in the third. But the characterization is true to life, and Dick was not at Harrow for nothing, or in California either. Blaine, the dominant force in "Searchlights," is too adamant to be welcome outside the City area; but the hero of "Quinney's" would conquer anywhere. At one point he gives a dangerous opening, where

he taunts Posy with not knowing a "fake" when she sees one; this lays him open to the retort of heredity, for he has just convicted himself of this very defect. Perfect in all else, "Quinney's" remains Mr. Vachell's summit of theatrical achievement, none the less so because the wife and daughter are a marked advance on his stage heroines hitherto. He has qualified in drama as he took years to do in fiction. He has mastered feminine character and made it workable on level terms with his men. I know no higher praise.

There is internal evidence that Mr. Vachell's writings are rapidly produced, or else that when he revises, if ever, he does it with an eye more to the purport than the text. Taste resents the meaningless christening of a trivial American in "The Face of Clay" with a name like Johnnie Keats, and there are touches in certain of the other

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books likely to yield to a corrective pen. But in the main, Mr. Vachell's style is like his heroes, rapid, masterful, resourceful, and more than equal to the situation. It will grace many a twentieth-century anthology of English prose. It would be hard to improve upon it as a vehicle for that temperamental appetite for action which I conceive to be the main characteristic of the man. Like Kipling and Masefield, he interprets British nature faithfully because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity. Only in this way can you get what the savants call the geodetic curve. Mr. Vachell appreciates England—especially his beloved Sussex and Hampshire—because he has earned her approval by the sweat of his brow under fiercer skies. It is no bad cue for the training of a writer, and it has certainly proved its value in Mr. Vachell's case.

*J. P. Collins.*

## FASHION AND THE PAINTER.

H. G. Wells has held it up to the novelist as no less than his duty to depict faithfully his own times; but, far-reaching dogmatist that he is, he has not yet preached to the painter the gospel of gowns; he has not exhorted him to consider amongst his obligations the truthful transference to the canvas of contemporary costume. There seems little hope that Mr. Wells will ever now repair this omission, for he harbors a suspicion, voiced in "What is Coming," that no serious account should be taken of fashion, which will float away to absurdity. Just as if absurdity is like to annihilate fashion, when it has so often proved its mainstay. What else, indeed, could excuse the frank unbecomingness of the tight hobble-skirt, beneath which the "altogether" was a secret of Polichinelle; or account for the patronage of the

extinguishing hat; or justify the far-off farthingale in its widest and most prodigious moments?

But I doubt whether the painter can be justly accused of any neglect of fashion, whatever its faults, though I admit that the critic, who is always with us, has shown some tendency to cavil at him who deals too accurately with the clothes of his sitter. As a mere fashion-plater he may be dismissed with contempt from artistic consequence, even while the commission given has demanded exactitude in unessentials. The story told by W. J. Locke may be characteristic of the plutocratic patron.

"I don't see why you need have painted his trousers; why not have made him half-length?" says Tommy to Clementina Wing, who replies:

"Because he is the kind of cheese-monger who wants value for his money.

If I cut him off at the waist he would think he was cheated. He pays to have his hideous trousers painted, and so I paint them."

Also in this cause there is on record the civic dignitary who commented adversely upon his presentation portrait:

"Those waistcoat buttons are too far apart"!

There is one acknowledged expert in fashion-drawing who knows every intimacy of dress through the bread-winning means of the weekly ladies' papers, yet takes deliberately the hospitality of Burlington House to exhibit the nude figure. He prides himself upon the patent psychology which beams from the countenances of his natural models, and follows thus the invariable rule which persuades the comedian to be quite certain that he would have made an excellent tragedian. It is easy to guess, and even to applaud, the hazard, that Monna Lisa's smile would induce him to greater reverence than Monna Vanna's cloak, however well expressed in all pomp and circumstance of textile sumptuousness.

But the greatest of the latter-day painters, James McNeil Whistler, had considerable respect for clothes, and his painting of the crinoline gives most just excuse to compare him with Velasquez, who, amongst a few other items, immortalized the hoop, *Infantas* included; to say nothing of the precise ebullience of Isabella of Bourbon in black, bordered with gold leaves, flaunting a headdress of black, white-feathered, against a pink drapery. Recently Sir Philip Burne-Jones has justified the crinoline in collaboration with the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, who assumed its beautiful burden to honor a carnival. "The Ladies of the Crinoline" have, while I write, an exhibition all to themselves, by kind assistance of Victor de Veysy, who is, however, concerned more closely with

polychromatic patterns than with personality or elegance.

When Whistler, in his famous *Ten o'Clock*, held forth that costume is not dress, and that the wearers of wardrobes may not be doctors of taste, he was tempted to such stricture by the prevailing cult of the so-called æsthetic, the green and yellow amorphous raiment which came in with Oscar Wilde and went out before he did. This fashion the master declared a "disgrace in the name of the Graces," but he diplomatically compromised, as was not his habit, that "the painter beneath your travestied awkwardnesses has trouble to find your dainty selves," which courteous remonstrance should have been inducement enough in itself to banish the offending styles from the pedestal of popularity.

There are three important points to intrigue the painter who would present fashion as it is: the fabric, the outline, and the details of trimming. The expert, according to his caprice, holds much or little store by these, but I have heard it avowed by the well-initiated that the painting of a lady in white satin which was achieved by W. Graves, faithful pupil and follower of Whistler, should be written down amongst the modern surface triumphs.

Velvet is the easiest fabric to paint, and many have most faithfully demonstrated this. Some of Alma-Tadema's and Albert Moore's achievements owe their success to the skilful dealing, not alone with marble and color and disposition, as generally accepted, but with Oriental carpets and silks and gauzes of multi-hues. They could well have taken a lesson, and maybe they did, from the details of a portrait by an anonymous Persian painter, shown at the second National Loan Exhibition, of a woman gesticulating with scarlet-gloved fingers and adorning with supreme grace a black mantle intersected with measured ornaments of gold over

a highly-colored petticoat of floral design; not an item, flower, leaf or tin-sel twig, is in doubt.

Many of the early Italian painters, who devoted so much of their talents to minute particulars of architectural design have also bestowed some trouble on meticulous patterns on garments, but in few of these is it possible to recognize stuffs, maybe because these were limited, so that a sort of non-descript softness served alike for the vestments of dame and priest and beggars. But, while texture was disregarded, care was liberally expended upon color and line.

And "those Dutch chaps" omitted nothing from interior or exterior, so that the eye of the connoisseur as surely leaps to the quality of Delft and pewter as to every thread of gold and description of bead and jewel which adorns, for example, the stiff magnificence of Holbein, whose collars and coifs and gay braids sternly attend to their decorative duties, whose sleeves are monuments of industry, and whose chemisettes speak volumes for the painter's experience. The Italian Zuccaro failed in no detail with the jeweled splendors of Queen Elizabeth, which were engraved, too, with minute intricacies by William Rogers, and by Crispin Van de Passe from the miniature of Isaac Oliver. And, since to the credit of Elizabeth go three thousand embroidered and begemmed gowns with ruffles stiffened by the "devil's liquor," to quote from Malcolm Salaman, who gives this as a contemporary description of starch, it is small wonder that she did inspire one or two, if not more, artists of her day with an affectionate appreciation for generous elaboration in clothes.

Students hold forth that Ochtervelt had supreme success with satin surfaces, as had Terburg, the great Dutchman of the seventeenth century; and they protest that Cronach was most

famous for his impressive reds; but there is a very small picture—which without the prejudice induced by knowledge I would assert as super-excellent—by Frans van Mieris, showing a lady feeding a parrot, and wearing rose-red velvet bordered with ermine so sincere that you could fancy stroking the glowing folds and smoothing the fur consciously glad of no misplaced tails.

Muffs have played useful parts in many pictures, and never, perhaps, has fur been better interpreted than by Jacob Van Oost in his picture of a boy in a dark cloth suit trimmed with sable obviously of Canadian birth. No cause here for the damning complaint, "Pigment, sir, not paint, the brush of the house-painter, not of the artist," which is favored of the up-to-date fault-finder with no leaning towards the method of the impressionist, and scant appreciation for trick or tool, or hasty splodge of more convincing quantity than quality.

There was once upon a time an artist who lived in Italy in the full of the insect season, and procured the best perspective for his foliage by the primitive means of catching fleas in his brush and burying them to their immortal honor on his canvas.

The Futurists, Cubists, and Vorticists of these immediate moments do not incline towards the glorification of garments, although one of the London group, Sylvia Gosse, has found beauty in a man's high hat, permitting its shining formality to assert itself as central interest in a picture. She is the exception to the rule of these societies who deny the attractive in costume, and since the few available sitters seem to have been afflicted with at least one wall eye, a nose of blue and a triangular chin, they could not be relied upon to form valuable adjuncts to the dress of to-day, or any day. We can spare their portraits while we accept patiently the phenomena of each simple social meet-

ing an orgy, every town and city earthquaked complexion, the hedge of heliotrope, the tree a melon or a gibbet, and the cottage slanting in purple patches to utter ruin.

Earlier periods have encouraged the painter to smile sympathetically upon the fripperies of fashion. Sir Peter Lely, who was the chief portrait painter of the Restoration, reveled in frivolous fancies, in ringlets and confections of ribbon which fluttered around to enhance the beauty of those women whose charms adorned the Royal circle, and now smile upon us from the walls of Hampton Court. Kneller also did the Court beauties proud, while Vandyck had earlier placed some dozens of portraits of English nobility to his credit, deserving and obtaining well by Charles I, in many circumstances admitting of that lace collar, which gave him, amongst other inestimable prizes, the joy of standing for all time as sponsor to the Vandyked edge.

Regarded as representations of fashion, the padded Stuart stump pictures are comic, and while there can be no possible doubt as to the materials employed in the frocks, there is like to be some confusion in the manufacture of the features and the fitting of the faces.

"Her pencil's part her needle played" with some monotony on the tapestry panels which adorn our ancestral halls by kind permission of Messrs. Duveen, or the gracious limits of an exacting Government.

Hollar, the Anglo-Bohemian in the seventeenth century, etched fashions deliberately, and his work is a valuable lesson in the history of dress. Later, Hogarth might have preached, amongst other gospels of morality, the road to ruin in the best dress circles; all his pictures give the costume due attention, and he did justice to this most conclusively when he illustrated the scenes from "The Beggar's Opera." To Hogarth we owe Lavinia Fenton as Polly

Peachum, now bravely becoming the walls of the National Gallery in olive green with sienna hems and tassels.

The stage favorite has always attracted the painter, but for the most part he has chosen to immortalize her in some stage character. Mrs. Jordan sat for Hoppner, amongst many others, and he painted her as Hippolyta in Colley Cibber's comedy, "She Would and She Would Not." She sat in white muslin blue-sashed to Romney as Peggy in "The Country Girl." To Sir Thomas Lawrence we owe Miss Farren, an unforgettable figure running off with her cloak and carelessly dropping her muff. Not much trouble, if any, was bestowed upon the black dress of Mrs. Siddons by this same artist, to whom we can be more grateful for Caroline, Duchess of Richmond, in her white satin evening-dress with large sleeves tapering to the wrists, and blue bows upon her shoulders. Peg Woffington, in the character of Mrs. Ford, dared the incongruous hoop under the brush of Haytley, who emphasized the perfection of the charm of her laced bodice and pointed net collar.

Amongst the modern pictures of actresses, Sir John Collier's of Mrs. Kendal and Ellen Terry in "The Merry Wives" bears comparison with the best of them, and in this, brocades and velvets and veils and jewels are given their just values; while in a more poetic catalogue may be put the portrait by Mrs. Jopling Rowe of Lady Tree as Ophelia, and J. J. Shannon's accomplishment with Lily Elsie, whose plaid hair-ribbon terminating in red blossoms is in unusual contrast with saxe blue and sable brown. Solomon J. Solomon did well by modern dress in a portrait he executed of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and we render eternal thanks to Sargent for the resplendence of his Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth in beetle-wing embroideries with a diadem of gems. The influence of the French artist on

fashion, and fashion on the French artist, is a long story which must be told later.

In both countries the history of costume is punctuated by great diversities in *coiffure*, making now for the ridiculous, meanwhile for the unbecoming, and rarely for the completely satisfactory. The adornments vary as the foundations and an epoch in the art of hair-dressing is pleasantly imbibed through the medium of the miniaturists, Engelhart and Shelley, Ozias Humphrey, and by Richard Cosway, who was the most popular of all in the eighteenth century. Cosway brought to the aid of his puffed and curled heroines lace and pink roses and blue ribbons, not neglecting feathers, and he delighted in the varied effect of these upon the white wig.

What headgear to adopt and what to avoid might be easily gleaned from the various examples of millinery which deck the heads by Hoppner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Morland. Black hats were favored of them all, with feathers for the most part, even the smallest children being crowned with upright ostrich plumes on their pudding-basin shapes. As a model of simplicity can be recognized Mrs. Crewe by Daniel Gardner, with her Tuscan hat wreathed with a scarf of gauze, setting well over her brows and upturning at the back. In many of Morland's pictures the country maiden may be seen with a lace frill at the back beneath her hat; and an example of what not to wear is assuredly afforded by the hat straight-brimmed, huge-crowned, ribbon-trimmed, and buckled, which decorates the sporting lady who is about to mount her horse at "The Squire's Door." The huge mushroom shape, with many gaugings and frills, which now again is successfully putting in a plea for revival, might have been faithfully copied from that one worn by the pensive "Lady in Waiting" under a tree (how could he have let her

wait?) drawn and engraved by J. R. Smith, who vowed himself attached to all the eighteenth century fashions. Those who run to his many attractive drawings can easily read the truth writ large in muslin, silk and ribbon, and that lady who waits so patiently and prettily is a dream of dainty apparel from the top of her full-crowned silk hat to the tips of her pointed, velvet-bound shoes. "The Man Trap" affords other evidence of J. R. Smith's skill and taste, if not of his chivalry as a godfather. The heroine is wearing white muslin with double frills and a hat of pleatings of ribbon with a pendant lace bow at the back, while her black silken mantle, loosely held, is edged with gathered flounces, conducting further to a complete becoming elegance.

In the times of Gainsborough and Reynolds styles prevailed long; and the billowing skirt, the full sleeves, and the perfectly tight bodice could pass muster as "the latest" for many years. The gossamer of Gainsborough floats happily upon the breeze of memory, refreshed in the mezzotints of our every-day privilege, and I recall affectionately the lace-patterned bodice of one of his daughters, who wears so becomingly a pink ribbon on her flatly-dressed head.

It is on record that Sir Joshua took some considerable trouble with the costume of his sitters, for did not the Duchess of Rutland grumble that he made her try on a dozen dresses before he painted her in "that bedgown of a thing"? Indeed, Reynolds refused to disfigure women to posterity in the passing fashion she was pleased to approve; the costumes in his portraits present supreme stateliness, the elaborate headdress making it impossible to consider the chance of swift activity. The athletic inclination of the present race would have had a poor chance of triumph under such sartorial burdens, and no imagination can stretch far

enough to accept Sir Joshua falling in industrious mood before the formless elasticity of the golf coat or the boneless beneficence of the blouse.

There have been few great women painters, and it is noticeable now that costume is more carefully detailed by the man than by the woman. She avoids the minute intimacies of her easy knowledge, shows some anxiety to blur color and fabric and design of teagown or evening dress, permits the discarded cloak on the ever-ready chair to reflect no glass of fashion or mould of form, but to remain a limp, inert, muddled mass, with perhaps a suggestion of fur, clawed from no very definite hero of the animal kingdom.

In the eighteenth century, on the contrary, Madame Vigée Le Brun in her pictures of herself does not allow the smallest doubt to rest upon her fabrics, and black silk, net scarf, Tuscan hat and feather, and little gathered frills all explain themselves. Angelica Kauffmann dealt delicately with color and drapery although the classic appealed to her more continuously than the contemporary, and even when she posed Design, fringe was the sole trimming on the pale blue scarf above the white dress.

Romney laid such important stress upon gowns that he painted his favorite heroine in frocks of every shade and stuff and character, without, perhaps, showing much interest in their trimmings, but in his earlier days he produced a picture of Mrs. Lindow, which hangs now in the National Gallery, unless it has been banished to a safer repository, wearing a blue silk full skirt with an unmistakably taffetas shot surface, while the lace upon her sleeves is assuredly blonde.

At the National Gallery, too, is Henry Morland's picture of "The Laundry Maid" in a flowered tammy frock with black velvet neckband above an elegant *décolletage* which argues her

as eminently worthy of the "frillies" she is goffering. The present hour calls aloud for the lady laundress thus alluring; and how we should love a really well-dressed dairymaid, or even an efficient munition worker, who would relinquish the incongruous blouse of her preference and look to the Trianon for her inspiration; she might at the same time see to it that Lavery in his wisdom passed her way.

Not a few memorable pictures have immortalized the Coquette young and old, at her dressing-table; maid in front, barber at the back, modiste at the side; they tell the story of the supreme consequence and care imposed by the elaborate toilet. So far today such familiarities have not actively tempted the English masters, and, of course, the absence of the barber with his striped stockings would be acutely felt in any honorable endeavor. And there would be other missing accessories; the mountains and cascades of hair would yield place to the human crown, or its prototype in wig prepared "off," while the blatant garter would have to bend the knee to the potential influential suspender, and the face *masseuse* in linen apron be accepted while the *beau* as peeping Tom sits audaciously spectator. Just now the tempestuous petticoat could be fairly rendered, unless the Coquette had been caught when preparing for a morning on the golf course, or an evening devoted to the tango, kinckerbockers forward.

Rowlandson, who worked in water-color must be accredited a line of recognition; while deserving a hundred and an apology for my desultory method and casual reference. The delicate detail of his scene at Vauxhall, with the Duchess of Devonshire in bewitching attire, is easily first of its kind, and thoroughly characteristic in detail and environment. Convincing satirists are few; Bunbury was frankly a caricaturist, and amongst the later artists

who have taken any trouble to emphasize clothes George Du Maurier must be acknowledged in large letters; not only did he dress his women well, but every garment worn by his men is correct for its time and character. Max Beerbohm does not seem to display interest in the question of dress, but W. H. Haselden points gentle fun at the fair who have taken to their bosoms no chests, to their waists the flatness of the boards meeting, and to their hats the tightness of a skull cap with plumes up-rearing to the sky.

Frith's "Derby Day" may be accepted as a very good example of fashionable attire in Victorian times, which reminds me of the painting of the railway station in the present year's Academy by R. Jack, and recalls the fact that he has previously done excellent service to fashion, succeeding even in granting grace to those very narrow skirts which time and the woman have now ruled out of favor. Another modern artist who takes considerable trouble with costume is Charles Shannon, elaborating with force alike his millinery and his mantles. He has obviously an instinct for fashion, and confirms it conclusively when he unites black and white check with dark fur and red buttons. Sargent, in his most energetic portrait-painting seasons, caught the sheen of pearls with as much deftness as Holbein, and almost as much energy and attention as he directed to the "expression of the soul." May he be forgiven for his betrayed confidences, his flagrant exploiting of the damned inheriting countenances, but he is one of the sinners who has repented, and set down his repentance most gloriously in black and white.

Considering the many pitfalls into which we have stumbled we may thank contemporary painters for their omissions towards early twentieth century clothes, while we bow before the Mar-

chioness of Headfort's black satin gown under Orpen's skilful treatment, though suspecting he does not pride himself so much upon this as upon the lines in Dr. Dillon's face, or even the hairs of George Moore's mustache.

Love best inspires the painter as the poet, some skill and facility and knowledge being duly asked for the triumph of the complete affair. Is it love, I wonder, which caused most of the artists to accomplish such excellent work while portraying themselves? Love surely accounts for the numerous examples of the second wife of Rubens, who must have been sadly wearied by the constant sittings demanded by her uxorious genius. Romney was at his best when his affections were engaged, but how could the adorable Emma so smilingly endure her many poses? To love must undoubtedly be accredited the masterpiece Whistler made of his mother; and who knows what hidden romances may not have gone to all the best achievements of all the best painters in all the periods?

It is impossible to ignore that fashion plays its part in the making of portraits, and by the depicting of the model in the habit in which he or she does not live the happiest result is not reached. Styles produce manners; gestures, movements, expressions, even are bred of costume. Holding a brief for fashion, yet I recognize the abiding virtue of the classic draperies; although they could not invariably prove becoming to the outlines of the maid and matron, they may yet stand perpetually for beauty.

There are dressmakers who specialize in picture costumes, copying these from the ever-handly reproductions of old prints; and that they cannot invariably adapt the individual to the costume she elects to honor is amongst the minor misfortunes which go to render the carnival not the entirely joyous event it should be to the æsthetic eye.

Painters are hard put to it these times to invest the masculine sinner with much charm; khaki or frock-coat and trousers afford poor, dull substitutes for gold lace, red uniforms, satin breeches, velvet coats and waving plumes. What a magnificent figure might not Sargent have made of Lord Ribblesdale in the grandeur of the eighteenth century! As he stands now he is evidence to deny

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that clothes maketh man and to persuade the artist of his indebtedness to feminine furbelows, to urge him to respect the fable of the mouse and the lion, and to grant an ear to the extract from the essay of the schoolgirl, well found if not true. "Gainsborough was a fine painter, famous for having designed a hat ever since called by his name."

E. Aria.

## FULL BACK.

### I.

It is the event of the football year—the match for which both schools have striven during the season. The Whites are two points ahead, but there are only five minutes to play, and it is still anybody's game. Amidst intense excitement play has been slowly forced into the Reds twenty-five, and each serum now starts closer to their line and more in front of their goal. But their defense is good. Time after time does the ball appear from the forest of legs and get slung out by the White serum half, and time after time is the dangerous attack thus initiated smothered by the fierce tackling of the defenders, or spoiled by a hasty pass or a fumbled ball. The tired players of both sides, inspired by the frenzied encouragement of their supporters, are making the utmost efforts, the Whites to ensure the match by increasing their lead, their opponents to score once again and so reverse the position. And there is time yet. The ball is slippery, and one intercepted pass may give Red the match.

The growing darkness, added to the autumn mist which always hangs over the clay soil of the football ground, increases the anxiety of the White full back now peering at the game from the near end of the field. At this distance he can only divine what is happening

by intuition, for he can barely see the dark and greasy ball as it flies from hand to hand, and is only able to guess at its course outside the steaming serum from the movements and attitudes of its players. He is a slim youth, and as he stands there in the drizzle, arms akimbo, tapping the muddy ground with one foot, he presents a lonely figure. At intervals he prowls backwards and forwards slowly, watchfully, now blowing on his hands, now putting them into his pockets, now swinging his arms across his chest, at times performing a solemn shuffle in the sticky mud.

It is raining, and cold with that raw chill which penetrates to the bones of all who are not taking active exercise, and the back has had little to do for some twenty minutes; in fact, he failed to save that try, when the big oaf of a wing three-quarter sent him sprawling by a hand-off, the muddy impress of which still stings on his face. The memory of his failure also rankles, though it was caused by bad luck. A slip in the mud, and he had tackled a thought too high to stop a faster, heavier man in his stride. Of no special physique, and possessed neither with great speed nor with phenomenal powers of kicking, he owes his position in the team to two qualities—pluck and coolness. He is a safe tackle.

Though by now there is hardly any color distinguishable amongst the players, except brown of various shades, their arrangement can be seen to keep on swiftly changing like the patterns in a kaleidoscope; and as a fresh outburst of roars sounds from the far end of the ground, where the crowd is thickest, the center of action shifts over to the Whites' left. To judge from the shouts, they must be very near the Reds' line.

The Whites' back stands still, tense, on his guard, for at these moments of quick movement anything may happen. He also glances at the clock over the pavilion.

The high-pitched shouting is taken up closer down the ropes, and there is a sudden change in its tone. The back crouches expectant, waiting for a long relieving kick from the Reds, which, however, does not come. Instead, the whole game seems to approach, the players to loom larger. Then out from the ruck bursts a Red with the ball. A White three-quarter dives at him and is floored. A second White player meets the same fate, and the runner staggers on amidst a fresh outburst of confused yells. On, on he comes down the field, gathering speed with every stride. Behind him stream a few of both sides; in front, between him and his opponents' goal-line, there is one player only.

The last hope of the Whites begins to sidle cautiously to his left with a crab-like motion. As he moves he rubs his hands down his short knickers, and every few steps clicks his heels together to shake the mud from his boots, for he does not mean to slip this time. His face is set and his mind is working quickly. He knows that if he does not tackle the man with the ball, and tackle him thoroughly, the game is lost. He is too absorbed to be rendered nervous by the fact that he shares the attention of the whole field; but he notices subcon-

sciously that the shouting has almost died away. By now even the bulk of the two teams are standing still, watching, for they can do nothing; the fate of the game is out of their hands.

As he watches the runner who floored him with such ignominy the last time they met, he smiles slightly, partly from the lust of personal combat, partly because he knows that this somewhat lumpish player can only run straight and trusts to his speed and brute strength to get through. Thank Heaven, it is not their long-haired center who, ball held out in front, as if to pass, and head wagging, snipes irresponsibly down the field in a succession of feints and wriggles which leave his paralyzed opponents standing, or more often sitting, in the mud; nor one of those tricky performers who at the last moment either kick over the opposing back's head and race for the ball or pretend to kick and run on. No; it is to be a straightforward thing this time.

Full back carefully regulates his pace and moves in a nicely-adjusted curve so that his path will intersect that of the advancing runner just upon the touch-line. He will nurse the fellow right down the line and throw him into touch. Then, before the ball can be again in play, the whistle will have sounded. He is careful not to get too much in front of his opponent, for that may drive him inwards, and then, even if he is brought down, he may be able to transfer the ball into the willing hands of one of the Reds following up.

Except for the tramping of the feet of the spectators running behind the ropes up to the critical spot, there is now a hush over the field. On races the three-quarter, ball under arm—in the old style—head up and mouth open, with a somewhat stupid expression on his face, like that of a startled moose. He observes the calculated approach of his adversary, and, knowing his own

limitations, appreciates his danger. Nevertheless, he is all the time edging more and more towards the boundary, as the other desires. Even traveling at his top speed, as he is, he will not be able to get round the back, and cannot swerve or turn at that pace. With an anxious expression he glances over his shoulder, to see if any backer-up is close enough for him to pass. This checks him.

It is full back's chance. Quickening his stride, he launches himself in a running dive at the knees of the big fellow. With a thud the two locked players shoot over the line and slide for yards on the sodden turf, scoring it with a dozen parallel grooves. The ball is hurled far beyond the ropes.

There is no need for the flag of the touch-judge. Above the frantic cheers of the Whites shrills out the long blast of the whistle for "No side." The match is won.

## II.

Time has passed. The scene is again laid in a field. But the game being carried on is more serious than football, and there are no crowds of cheering spectators.

Down one side of the flat meadow runs a country road between a double row of poplars. The three other sides are bare of trees and the hedge and fencing along them have been knocked down and lie on the ground. Alongside the road is a line of large marquees of a special and curious shape, pitched broadside to the field. They do not look old, but they are extraordinarily dirty and creased, and have the appearance of having traveled much and of having been packed up and pitched again and again. At one end of them, in the usual regular lines, is a camp of living tents, and beyond this, in orderly disorder, stands a medley of vehicles of all shapes and sizes. Here are motor lorries, cars, and bicycles, and several

uncouth trollies long enough to carry stage scenery; on one of the lorries hums a dynamo. In the background lurk two draggled motor-omnibuses, with no glass in their windows, and their original garish coloring showing in patches through a hastily-applied coat of drab paint. In front of the marquees, more or less dismantled, and in every stage of the process of being repaired or "tuned up," sprawl some six or seven aeroplanes, the monoplanes looking like monstrous, winged minnows. They are set in the midst of a litter composed of planks, tarpaulins, strips of fabric, cans of "dope" and of varnish, drums of paint, kegs of nuts, coils of wire, members of framework, shining new propellers, parts of engines, and all the thousand-and-one articles which go to make up the equipment and *débris* of a military aviation depot in full operation. This portion of the field is a scene of feverish activity. Men are busy everywhere, some clustered round the aeroplanes, others working at the benches fitted with electrically-driven tools spaced between them. The aeroplanes themselves seem to be chafing at their confinement and enforced idleness, and every now and again one apparently tries to burst away. After a sharp struggle men fall back hastily from the head of a monster, whilst others hold it down by wings and tail. The creature snorts, gives a hoarse roar, and trembles; its propeller melts into a shimmering blur; and a jet of blue smoke and steam is ejected backwards, flattening the quivering grass for yards. But all these exhibitions of temper are in vain. The giants are in every case too well secured to escape, and after much fuss are again reduced to quiescence. That the torture of the captives does not cease even at night is shown by the number of lamps fitted with large metal reflectors which are slung from rough posts all round the benches.

In three of the corners of the field, also, like baby howitzers at extreme elevation, the projectors of small search-lights gaze skywards, and in the fourth stands a tapering steel mast in the center of a wire spider's web of some hundred yards diameter. It is the "aerial" of the field station of the wireless. Pegged out on the grass in the center in yard-broad strips of freshly-whitewashed canvas is a large equilateral triangle. This cabalistic sign is intended to convey to those in the air the same information as the flag now hanging limp from its staff over the end marquee is meant to convey to those on earth: that here is the aeroplane park attached to general headquarters of the defending army, and the landing-place for airmen.

From northeast to northwest comes the distant noise of battle, and the palpitating air quivers every now and again to the concussion of big guns firing in the distance. But no one in the field is disturbed by the sound, and the work goes on without interruption.

At the open flat of one of the living tents stands a young officer. Except for the helmet and goggles, which he is carrying in his hand, he is fully dressed for flight, and as he stands, arms akimbo, listening to some one in the tent, he taps the ground thoughtfully with one foot. He is the "observing officer next for duty," or, in ordinary language, the officer whose turn it is to make a reconnaissance flight. Lying on his bed inside the tent is the airman who has just returned from a long reconnaissance. He has made a successful trip, and has reported to the Commander-in-Chief, and should be resting. But it is a special occasion. He is elated almost to the extent of garrulity, for he has ascertained that the invading enemy is still ignorant of the great move to the southwest which the defending commander has attempted to carry out during an

inexplicable cessation of the invaders' air-service.

"It really is touch and go. If they don't spot this flank move of our Sixth and Seventh Corps before dark, they're done! And they've only got half an hour to do it in. The artillery of the Third Corps has just been ordered to follow up all night and co-operate in the morning, so that, in any case, surprise or no surprise, the attack will be an awkward one to stop. I wonder what can have happened? Not one of their machines in the air since yesterday afternoon. Can't make it out, unless they've had a fire in their main park, or some kind friend of ours has sought death by running amuck amongst their machines with a sledge-hammer!"

Since everyone else has been wondering the same thing for the past twenty-four hours this talk is neither interesting nor profitable, and the man outside the tent shows signs of moving on. The speaker then comes to the point:—

"I was able to examine all their dispositions at my ease, just as if it had been an inspection, and saw practically everything, in spite of all their wood-haunting, hedge-sneaking, canvas-screeneing dodges. If I was puzzled by anything looked at from one side, I just went back and looked at it from the other side—from every side. The brutes haven't the vaguest idea of what's coming to 'em." The speaker likes this expression, and pauses to chuckle over it. He continues: "Never saw the Chief in such a state. He couldn't hide it. His feelings were a bit mixed, though. Quite pleased that his great *coup* was successful so far, but wondering if our run of luck would last out till dark. Like a man swimming with a shark after him—cheered after each stroke to find that he is still able to kick, but worrying how long his legs will be hanging to his body. Kept

looking at his watch, then the sky, then the clock."

There is another short pause before the speaker runs on: "Not that I wonder. Not a bit. If they *do* find out before dark, not only will they be able to upset our game, but they'll know where our general reserve has gone, and will press their attack on our right. Then we shall be in Queer Street! There's the deuce of a fight going on there now."

The other speaks for the first time, thoughtfully, monosyllabically, as if to himself: "They—must—not—find—out."

"Yes, that's all very well; but—by the way, are you taking up Number Twenty-seven again?"

"Yes."

"You know that the beastly gun won't work—at least, it wouldn't when I came back—nor the wireless,—I found one of the generator brushes gone, and we've no spares left."

"Yes, I know."

"None of the other 'planes ready yet?"

"No."

"Awkward if they do manage to scratch up some machine at the last moment, and it blunders on to our secret! Going alone?"

To this remark and question the next-for-duty makes no answer. There is the glow of exaltation on his face, and his eyes are directed towards a wooded hill not far off, now all lit up in the slanting rays of the sun, which has peeped out for a minute. But he is not thinking of the beautiful color effect produced by golden light on tender green foliage. A call from the telephone orderly breaks his reverie.

"There are my orders. Good-bye." He nods casually and walks off, taking a notebook from his pocket.

"Good-bye. Good luck," comes back in a serious tone, from the tent.

He reaches the telephone. "Halloa—observer-next-for-duty here, sir.—

Yes, I'll book it." The speaker then listens and jots down notes alternately. Finally he says: "Yes, I'll repeat. 'Fifth Divisional Artillery at east edge of Square J 16 reports large biplane, carrying two, passed at 5.37 r.m., flying fast southwesterly course.'

—Yes, the direction is probably mere chance.—What's that? You'll arrange for interference from our wireless stations?—Oh no, it won't worry us; our wave is three hundred metres longer than their longest, and we shall be clear enough on loose coupling. But, anyhow, Twenty-seven's transmitting gear is out of order for this run. *Must be stopped at all costs!* I understand. Good-bye."

There is a more sincere note than is usual in this conventional telephonic farewell, and the speaker twice misses the hook as he essays to hang up the receiver. For the moment he seems still to be cogitating some knotty point. However, it is soon settled, and it is with a quick, firm step that he moves off towards monoplane Number Twenty-seven, lying apart from the other machines, facing the open field. It is "The Last of the Mohicans," the only aeroplane at present capable of flight, but a swift one. On the way he is met by the officer in charge of the refitting, a subaltern who has one arm in a sling and a shade over one eye—the one wounded officer or man in the Air Corps, the duties of which are not responsible for many wounded. As was said by some cynical member, who has since found out the truth of his own epigram, its motto ought to be "Neck or nothing."

"Off?"

"Yes."

"The machine-gun isn't quite ready, nor is the wireless. We may have the gun going in about a quarter of an hour; but the wireless can't be rigged up for some time."

"Can't wait."

The commandant of the Air Corps, who is also present, now has a short talk in an undertone with the departing airman. His last words are spoken high: "We shall be able to carry on. Number Nineteen will be ready in an hour, Number Ten in three hours, and Number Thirty before morning."

He then goes back to his work. There are no such things as "send-offs" in military aviation on service, nor is it the custom for the *morituri*, as such, to salute anybody.

The observer-next-for-duty turns to the pilot sitting waiting on the monoplane.

"Bomb magazine charged?" It is distinctly a question designed to mislead.

"Yes, sir."

"Right. I am taking this trip alone. You can come down and stand by for the next."

This amounts to an order, and there is no room for any argument; but the desire to travel alone betrays the airman's intention and the question about the bomb magazine no longer deceives. He takes the pilot's place. His first act is to study the map while the machine is steady, to see how far in a direct line the east edge of Square J 16 is from the situation of the force whose movement it is so necessary to keep secret. But he does not at the moment waste any time in calculations which he will shortly be able to make at his leisure. Seizing the control, he tests the elevating and warping gear and tries the steering with his feet. Then, after a last look round, he puts on his helmet and gloves, pulls down his unglazed goggles, and nods to a man at the propeller. The latter gives two preparatory swings, a big heave, and shouts "On." The airman repeats "On" as he throws open the throttle. The engine "bites" and starts at full speed, and the whole machine trembles

and quivers like an excitable horse at a covert-side.

Throttling down to half-speed and then opening again to full, the airman watches the needle of the counter dial mount quickly up to eleven hundred and fifty revolutions and hover there. He also listens attentively to the purring of the engine, which is now pulling fiercely against the men holding the machine back. Satisfied with the "grain" of its rhythmic roar, he grips the control firmly, gets a fresh purchase on the steering-bar with his feet, and waves his right arm. The men let go. The machine runs forward with quickly-increasing speed, dancing along until it leaves the ground and its motion steadies into that of flight.

Once clear of the ground the airman begins a spiral climb, turning to the left in a volute of large radius. An expert flyer, he soon feels the mouth of his mount, which he has not recently flown, and his touch on the control becomes as light as that of a good jockey on the mouth of a horse. He keeps the ascending and turning monoplane up to the bit without allowing it to lose speed, and occasionally counteracts its tendency to bank excessively by a flutter of the warp; but his movements are barely perceptible. As the machine swings round gracefully the sun again appears for a moment from between the clouds, and its rays, shining through the semi-transparent fabric of the planes, transform the monoplane into the likeness of a gigantic hawk-moth with gauzy wings of golden brown, the large black bull's-eyes and the numbers on the underside of the planes accentuating the resemblance.

Since the airman's attention is not distracted by the act of flying, which is entirely instinctive, he is able to concentrate his mind upon his tactics. The clouds are high, thank God! Before doing anything in the way of scouting

he intends to take an unusual course—to climb at once to a height of five thousand feet, so as to obtain an extensive range of vision, and also to be high enough to gain that command of altitude which in action in the air is as necessary as the weather-gauge was in a sea-fight in the olden days. To reach that height will take nearly ten minutes. A brief mental calculation, based on times, distances, directions, and the estimated speed of the enemy, shows him that if the hostile biplane by chance or by design continues its course far enough to the southwest, he cannot prevent its discovering the presence of the Sixth and Seventh Army Corps out in that direction. But he may be able to intercept it on its return journey, and so prevent it getting away with the information, which, after all, is the essential thing. It is true that by laying his course to head off the biplane in that one direction he may, if it reconnoitres elsewhere, miss it altogether; but so long as the great flanking movement is undiscovered, or is discovered and remains unreported, nothing else matters—nothing! And if he meets the hostile scout, he intends to take no chances by relying on such refinements as bomb-dropping. He will not even attempt the finesse of giving him the wash from his propeller. He will make a certainty of it, go the “whole hog,” and ram. It is this that explains his indifference to the absence of a machine-gun and his resolve to pilot himself.

Maintaining his angle of ascent by touch on the control, he continues to climb steadily and steeply, thanks to being overpowered and the absence of a passenger and of the unshipped wireless gear. Nor is there need to look at the speed-indicator dial. In the absence of wind the sweet drone of the engine, now purring like the low note of a circular-saw, is a sufficient guarantee of speed.

At last the pencil of the barograph, which has been tracing a nice smooth slope without “saw teeth,” crosses the five-thousand-foot line. Swinging round till the bearing of his course is due west, he readjusts his goggles and heads horizontally in the direction of the setting sun. The needle of the indicator jumps to ninety miles an hour.

So far he has one advantage, in his direction of approach. There is no sun to dazzle him, whereas, if the biplane takes its expected course somewhat earlier than he estimates, it will be silhouetted against the western sky, which, though overcast, is marbled with glowing spaces between the clouds. As he flies his eyes continually search the horizon from west to south. He descries no speck, no blur, not even a bird. After a glance below and one at his map he throttles down and turns south. He has traveled but a short distance on this course when he makes out, away to the south, just off the direction of the marching Sixth and Seventh Corps, at about three miles' distance, and somewhat below his own level, a faint smudge circling in the air—a smudge with a suggestion of light on it. He throws open the throttle and elevates, and with a growl his machine leaps upwards on a ten-degree slant. Discovery must be mutual and simultaneous, for the smudge at once turns and flees south, still climbing. For about a minute there is a stern chase.

It has not been entirely by accident that the invaders' scouting biplane has so quickly discovered the secret of the defenders. The first machine to be repaired after the disastrous conflagration in their main aviation park, it has been sent out with the express purpose of discovering what the defenders have been doing behind their front line during their temporary freedom from espionage in the air. And it is of the southwestern portion of the battle area that

least is known. The invaders' observer, also, has been made suspicious that he is getting "warm" by the fact that, for the last twenty minutes, after each wireless message to the ground station with which he is working, he has received the despairing letters—"J.E.S."—"Jammed by enemy's station," instead of the welcome "S.R."—"Signals read." Consequently it is not altogether a surprise for the two men on the biplane when they discover long columns veiled by dust on one, two, three, four parallel roads leading west, and hit upon the great concentration behind the enemy's left and opposite their own weak right. And the observer does not waste time in a meticulous investigation of numbers. Valuable as details generally are, it is in this case of absolutely vital importance that the bare intelligence of the presence of this large force should be conveyed to headquarters at once. He realizes one thing most clearly: that the secret that has been discovered is of such significance that the defenders will stop short of nothing to prevent him getting away with it.

He continues his efforts to get into touch with one of his own wireless stations to impart the news, though he has few hopes of success, and tries sending in turn on the three tunes with which his set is fitted. But the defenders' installations are evidently still busy interfering, and "J.E.S." is still all that he can get. The choice of the method of escape he leaves to the pilot, who better knows his own powers and limitations and those of his machine. As has been seen, the latter at first tries to get away by climbing, with the intention of getting above the cloud layer and then steering northeast. Then, on being discovered, he turns away from his destination, hoping that if the speeds of the two machines are not very unequal he may avoid an encounter till nightfall, and then run for his own

lines under cover of darkness. It is not long before he discovers that the monoplane has the "wings of him," and must overhaul him before dark. He realizes that his pursuer will endeavor to ram; that in such a case his only course is to dodge; and that his best chance of dodging successfully is to do it when meeting the enemy, when the speed of approach of the two machines will be so great that a swerve will be most difficult to follow. Since he cannot climb above the monoplane, also, he decides to go as far below it as possible, so that any attempt to ram will probably end in a dive from which there will be no recovery in case of a miss.

Acting on this principle he turns and makes directly for his pursuer at a descending angle.

Full back—for it is he who is the pursuer—instantly flicks down his elevator, and the monoplane, engine at full speed, roars down an invisible slope in the air at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. He sees the object of the enemy's manoeuvre, admires its cleverness and audacity, and smiles grimly. At the approach of the supreme moment the lust of battle seizes him and adds to the exaltation produced by speed and patriotism. It is his old game. Subconsciously he sees before him a foggy field, and feels the hush that comes over it. Though the touch-line—the final touch-line—is some thousands of feet away this time, it can be reached very quickly; and his opponent, unless he has passed on his news already, by wireless, has no one to pass to, for he cannot drop his message in its weighted carrier until he gets over his own lines, which are far distant. As he leans forward in a tense attitude, a loose end of his scarf streams out rigid behind, like the hair of a Valkyrie. His mustache is blown to either side of his mouth, flattened against his cheeks,

forced up his nostrils. His bared lips are set in a line.

The monoplane, descending in a curve which grows steeper and steeper as its target approaches, hisses through the air like a meteorite.

The two machines, now half a mile apart, are approaching at a rate of over three miles a minute.

On the biplane the observer has left the transmitter and crouches behind the ready-belted machine-gun. Though there will only be time for very few rounds, even at the maximum rate of fire, before the two machines must meet, he opens fire on the off-chance of making a disabling hit.

The distance is now three hundred yards.

Now! Now! With a jerk the pilot of the biplane suddenly elevates fiercely—madly for one who wishes to survive. As he presses the control lever back almost against his seat the machine shivers with the strain put upon it; but the planes do not split, nor do the stays give way, and it slackens speed at once as it turns steeply upwards. That is enough. Forward goes the lever again, and the comparatively sluggish machine, in spite of the long

length of copper wire trailing behind it, leaps forward once more like a live thing, "jinking" at the very last moment as a boar at the spear's point.

Full back almost feels the check—which he has been expecting—before he sees it, and, as the other anticipates, responds by flattening his angle of descent. But he does so only slightly, retaining something in hand, for he knows that the biplane must straighten or "stall" and drop.

When he sees it again dart forward he throws his whole weight upon the control with a snarl.

In a terrific *vol piqué* the monoplane dives downwards. Though its momentum in its former direction carries it onward in a curve, its path is not far from the vertical, and it descends with a crash upon its hapless prey. In flames and amidst a shower of detonations the mass of tangled wreckage drops spinning to earth.

Three more of the salt of their respective nations are out of play. And though for the rest of the armies "No side" does not yet sound, and the great game goes on, full back has saved again.

"Ole-Luk-Oie."

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### "SWEET LAVENDER."

Was ever a name less appropriately given? I have heard of a Paradise Court in a grimy city slum and a dilapidated whitewashed house on the edge of a Connaught bog which had somehow got itself called Monte Carlo. But these misfits of names moved me only to mirth mingled with a certain sadness. Sweet Lavender is a sheer astonishment. I hear the words and think of the edgings of old garden borders, straggling spiky little bushes with palely, unobtrusive flowers. I think of linen cupboards, of sheets and pillow-

cases redolent with very delicate perfume. I think of the women who wander through such gardens, who find a pride in their store of scented house-linen, delicately nurtured ladies, very gentle, a little tinged with melancholy, innocent, sweet. My thoughts wander through memories and guesses about their ways of life. Nothing in the whole long train of thought prepares me for, or tends in any way to suggest this Sweet Lavender.

It is a building. In the language of the Army—the official language—it is a

hut; but hardly more like the hut of civil life than it is like the flower from which it takes its name. The walls are of thin wood. The roof is corrugated iron. It contains two long low halls. Glaring electric lights hang from the rafters. They must glare if they are to shine at all, for the air is thick with tobacco smoke. Inside the halls are gathered hundreds of soldiers. In one, that which we enter first, the men are sitting, packed close together at small tables. They turn over the pages of illustrated papers. They drink tea, cocoa, and hot milk. They eat buns and slices of bread and butter. They write those letters home which express so little and, to those who understand, mean so much. Of the letters written home from camp, half at least are on paper which bear the stamp of the Y.M.C.A.—paper given to all who ask in this hut and a score of others. Reading, eating, drinking, writing, chatting, or playing draughts, everybody smokes. Everybody, such is the climate, reeks with damp. Everybody is hot. The last thing that the air suggests to the nose of one who enters is the smell of Sweet Lavender.

In the other, the inner hall, there are more men, still more closely packed together, smoking more persistently, and the air is even denser. Here no one is eating, no one reading. Few attempt to write. The evening's entertainment is about to begin. On a narrow platform at one end of the hall is a piano. A pianist has taken possession of it. He has been selected by no one in authority, elected by no committee. He has occurred, emerged from the mass of men; by virtue of some energy within him has made good his position in front of the instrument. He flogs the keys and above the babel of talk sounds some rag-time melody, once popular, now forgotten or despised at home. Here or there a voice takes up the tune and sings or chants it. The

audience begin to catch the spirit of the entertainment. Some one calls the name of Corporal Smith. A man struggles from his seat and leaps on to the platform. He is greeted with applauding cheers. There is a short consultation between him and the pianist. A tentative chord is struck. Corporal Smith nods approval and turns to the audience. His song begins. If it is the kind of song which has a chorus the audience shouts it, and Corporal Smith conducts the singing with wavings of his arm.

Corporal Smith is a popular favorite. We know his worth as a singer, demand and applaud him. But there are other candidates for favor. Before the applause has died away, while still acknowledgments are being bowed, another man takes his place on the platform. He is a stranger, and no one knows what he will sing. But the pianist is a man of genius. Whisper to him the name of a song, give even a hint of its nature, let him guess at the kind of voice, bass, baritone, tenor, and he will vamp an accompaniment. He has his difficulties. A singer will start at the wrong time, will for a whole verse perhaps make noises in a different key; the pianist never fails. Somehow, before very long, instrument and singer get together—more or less. There is no dearth of singers, no bashful hanging back, no waiting for polite pressure. Everyone who can sing, or thinks he can, is eager to display his talent. There is no monotony. A boisterous comic song is succeeded by one about summer roses, autumn leaves, and the kisses of a maiden at a stile. The vagaries of a drunkard are a matter for roars of laughter. A song about the beauty of the rising moon pleases us all equally well. An original genius sings a song of his own composition, rough-hewn verses set to a familiar tune, about the difficulty of obtaining leave and the longing that is in all our hearts for a

return to "Blighty; dear old Blighty." Did ever men before fix such a name on the standard for which they fight? Now and again some one comes forward with a long narrative song, a kind of ballad chanted to a tune very difficult to catch. It is about as hard to keep track with the story as to pick up the tune. Words—better singers fail in the same way—are not easily distinguished, though the man does his best, clears his throat carefully between each verse and spits over the edge of the platform to improve his enunciation. No one objects to that. About manners and dress the audience is very little critical. But about the merits of the songs and the singers the men express their opinions with the utmost frankness. The applause is genuine, and the singer who wins it is under no doubt about its reality. The song which makes no appeal is simply drowned by loud talk, and the unfortunate singer will crack his voice in vain in an endeavor to regain the attention he has lost.

Encores are rare, and the men are slow to take them. There is a man towards the end of the evening who wins one, unmistakably, with an imitation of a drunkard singing "Alice, Where Art Thou?" The pianist fails to keep in touch with the hiccupping vagaries of this performance, and the singer, unabashed, finishes without accompaniment. The audience yells with delight and continues to yell till the singer comes forward again. This time he gives us a song about leaving home, a thing of heart-rending pathos, and we wait the chorus:

It's sad to be giving the last hand-shake,  
It's sad the last long kiss to take,

It's sad to say farewell.

The entertainment draws to its close about 8 o'clock. Men go to bed betimes who know that a bugle will sound the réveillé at 5.30 in the morning. The end is always the same, but always comes strangely, always as a surprise.

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We sing a hymn, for choice a very sentimental hymn. We say a short prayer, often as rugged and unconventional as the entertainment itself. Then "The King." In these two words we announce the national anthem, and the men stand stiffly to attention while they sing. At half-past eight, by order of the supreme authorities, Sweet Lavender hut must close its doors. The end of the entertainment is planned to allow time for a final cup of tea or a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk before we go out to flounder through the mud to our tents. This last half-hour is a busy one for the ladies behind the counter in the outer hall. Long queues of men stand waiting to be served. Dripping cups and sticky buns are passed to them with inconceivable rapidity. The work is done at high pressure, but with the tea and the food the men receive something else, something they pay no penny for, something whose value to them is above all measuring with pennies—the friendly smile, the kindly word, of a woman. We can partly guess at what these ladies have given up at home to do this work—servile, sticky, dull work—for men who are neither kith nor kin to them. No one will ever know the amount of good they do; without praise, pay, or hope of honors, often without thanks. If "the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom," surely these deeds of love and kindness have a fragrance of surpassing sweetness. Perhaps, after all, the hut is well-named Sweet Lavender. The discerning eye sees the flowers through the mist of steaming tea. We catch the perfume while we choke in the reek of tobacco smoke, damp clothes, and heated bodies. It is not every Y.M.C.A. which is honored with a name. Sweet Lavender stands alone here among huts distinguished only by numbers. But surely they should all be called after flowers, for in them grow the sweetest blooms of all.

George A. Birmingham.

## SISTER AUGUSTINE.

The traveler's memory does not turn to Salonika as a home of the moral and spiritual graces. Olympus looks down upon it with a candid but distant purity, but his snows tell of another climate and another age. The wind rises in the torrid summer at the blessed hour of sunset, and the swooning waters of the harbor waken into stormy life, dissipating, as they toss their crests, the languors and fevers of the town. Beauty there is enough, but it is the decaying relic of other civilizations. The Crusaders' walls that climb the hill record an earlier Frankish occupation, and carry you back like Trajan's arch and the exquisite Byzantine churches to centuries as troubled as our own, but more gracious. The modern prospect speaks only of huddled commerce, undignified pleasures pursued beneath the scourge of constant terror and ruthless cruelty. The ugly villas of the Greek and Jewish princes of commerce flaunt a wealth too raw to have gone to school to grace. The gaunt mills and warehouses that challenge the minarets upon the skyline typify the mingling of the industrial with the Middle Ages. But even the recent buildings are stained with blood. The bank still bears the marks of the desperate *comitadji* outrages of 1903, when a group of Macedonian anarchists tried to blow it up in the hope of compelling European intervention. The handsome street of the Consulates saw the vain resistance of the little Bulgarian garrison to the whole Greek army at the outbreak of the war of the Balkan Allies. The big *konak*, where once was the seat of Turkish power reeks of the tales of political prisoners beaten and tortured to death, in the periodical reigns of terror, when each narrow cell became a Black Hole. If you knew the city in the old Hamidian days, you will note today an ironical

transformation on its quay. A white battlemented wall used to surround the old Crusader's tower, and within it were perched with bloody heads and aching backs the "politicals" destined to be exiled to Asia. The wall is razed now, and a pleasure garden with saloons and cinemas vulgarizes the ancient site. The Young Turks meant by that act to destroy their Bastille, and celebrate the new era of fraternity. The march of events soon compelled them to find other prisons even more commodious, while the Greeks, clearing out the Bulgarian population from the conquered land, shipped their thousands of exiles from that ancient quay, whence the Turks, a race of limited imagination, had been content to dispatch their hundreds. When last we visited the garden of the tower, an Athenian company was performing Oscar Wilde's "Salome" in Romaic. That drama of Eastern violence and murderous lust seemed here to have found its appropriate stage. It was the only fragment of the Gospel which had any relation to the spirit of the place, for Herod might have been under any *régime* a respected Vali of Salonika. One doubted only whether in Macedonia he could have found any innocents to massacre.

In the midst of the tortuous streets of the central town was a place in which devoted women struggled with Christian charity and love against the accursed spirit of the place. To the house of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul came the wounded and the stricken, the persecuted and the starving. We have seen its courtyard as full under the Greeks as under the Turks, and always with the same Bulgarian mothers and wives, who brought their tale of exiled husbands or murdered sons. The Order is French, and its tolerant tradition of practical charity goes back to the civil disorders

of the Ancien Régime; but in Salonika, like all else, it, too, was cosmopolitan. It had an Italian Mother-Superior, and of the sisters, some were French, some Albanian, and some Bulgarian. The will and the mind of the community was an English lady, whom all the world of Salonika knew and revered as Sister Augustine. The news of her death, at a ripe old age, after a life of good works, reached England recently, and the loss of her robs Salonika of its one redeeming memory. Others will toil, as she had taught them, in hospital, school, and dispensary, but the fiery will with the gentle presence, the indomitable temper with the quick sympathies, the immense experience with the clear, contriving mind, will not again be united in the person of one aged Sister. Her courage and spirit made of her in that town of terrors a tower of strength, a figure of resource and resolution. A man with her gifts of mind and will, would have become in the Balkans what Lavigerie or Livingstone were in Africa. The Sister of Mercy could act only within the radius of her own personality, and her influence lay wholly in her power of impressing others. It was hard even for one who knew her well to define it. She had none of the showy traits that one associates with magnetism. Her manner was quiet, but the wrinkled old face with the compressed lips and the quick eyes, within the white frame of its winged head-dress, suggested concentration and decision. She could be merry, and tell, more often with humor than with pathos, endless tales of the wild country which she knew as no European has ever known it. The source of her power lay partly in the unrivaled knowledge which led everyone, from consuls to journalists, to seek her out, but still more in the awe with which one watched her incessant activities. Her day began half-way through other people's night, and it included no siesta.

She had in her charge not merely all the polyglot Catholic poor of this big port, but its whole Bulgarian population turned to her as its protectress, its providence, its tribune. She would face a Turkish magnate on its behalf with downright speech, and address a Kaimaham in Council. She was the intermediary through whom the cry of the oppressed of the town reached the Consulates, and penetrated to the deaf end of the Concert. When last we saw her, in 1913, a month after the close of the Balkan wars, she was acting unofficially as bishop, husband, and father, to the whole persecuted Bulgarian population of the city. The head of the Exarchist Church had been murdered, and the head of the native Catholic Church was a close prisoner in his bishopric. The men of the community were nearly all in exile or prison—if massacre had passed them by. To her the women and children came for advice, protection, and daily bread. She knew no difference between Orthodox and Catholic. The eternal feud of Latin and Greek was stilled where she gave bread and medicines and comfort. The strangest proof of her ascendancy was that the Greek authorities, though they knew, as the Turks before them had known, that her sympathies were openly, even fiercely Bulgarian, tolerated her good works, and learned to do her bidding.

A non-Catholic might talk often with Sister Augustine without hearing much to remind him that her outlook differed from his. This incessant practical care for suffering, this ardent sympathy with the persecuted, might have sprung, one thought, with no aid of religion, from a kindly and just heart. So at first we used to think, while we worked with her as a colleague in the English effort to relieve the distress that in a hundred burned villages scourged the Macedonian Bulgars with famine and disease after the massacres

and insurrections of 1903. With two Albanian sisters she had charge of a little improvised hospital at Castoria in which lay wounded insurgents and sick villagers. She spoke Bulgarian as easily as she spoke English and French and she managed her patients with a mixture of humor and authority which made the house of pain, simple and poor as it was, a place almost of gaiety. She worked day and night, and struggled with political as well as medical difficulties. The strain on three nurses was excessive, and their appearance seemed to our eyes to threaten a breakdown. We suggested various ways of relieving the undue burden. She would have none of them, for she had faith in her strength, but at length she made her proposal. It was that a priest should be fetched from Salonika—for there was none in Castoria—who might celebrate daily the Sacrifice of the Mass to strengthen the three sisters under the inordinate strain. The priest came, and his coming meant that the sisters who had risen daily before five, now rose before four. But the signs of illness and fatigue were gone from their faces, and their colleague, himself an unbeliever, noticed with reverence and sympathy a new look of exaltation and happiness in their eyes. Sister Augustine never explained, for it is the way of the English to be reticent with one another. It was one of the Albanian sisters who described, in language as poetical as it was simple, the change that the daily miracle of the Mass had wrought in them, the sense of a divine presence about them which had vanquished fatigue and restored their wills, though their brief nights were an hour the shorter. We shall never lose the memory of the spiritual beauty in the homely peck-marked face of that Albanian sister as we spoke. She was

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thinking of one miracle, and we of another. The miracle for us was the transformation which Sister Augustine had wrought in these native sisters. Somewhere among the mountains above Skutari this sister had come into the world in a Malessori clan. Her kinsmen are still savages, who rob and murder in their incessant tribal wars, obeying only the law of the stronger and the honor of the vendetta, a race which admits to its mind no thoughts save those which turn around hunger and greed, pride and revenge. Out of that abyss she had come transformed, and the sisters had made of her, not merely a civilized and cultivated European (we may rate that too highly), but a Christian who believed.

But, after all, the sceptical reader may say, it is a simple womanly instinct to nurse the sick. Sceptical reader, you do not know the Balkans. Women have no instincts there save those that their slavery has imposed upon them. This sister was nursing her hereditary foes. Left to herself, if she had grown up in her native highlands, this gentle sister, who knew no care too loving for these wounded Bulgarian comitadjis, would have cut their throats as they lay helpless, and told the tale of glory to her children and grandchildren. About her faith we never heard Sister Augustine speak. The transmitted flame burned clear and warm among her Albanian and Bulgarian converts. The true saint's halo is her influence on those around her. The Church will not canonize her. But while the guns thundered their follies round Salonika last June, thousands of Macedonian volunteers in the Bulgarian lines said a prayer for their "shestra," while the Catholics behind the 75's remembered the lady whom they had called "ma sœur."

## THE DICKENSIAN.

By stern decree bed claimed him for a day or two. Still he was happy—overwhelmingly so.

To be just unwell enough to be kept in bed, but well enough to read, that is, you know, really fine. Books on the counterpane—just think of them! Nothing sets off a book like a background of clean counterpane. How the blues and browns and reds and greens of the covers seem to intensify and assert themselves! How the very smell of the paper seems to blend with that of sheets! How the words of the author seem to hold a doubly distilled fascination! For the great zest of a book in bed is that it does not appertain; it is almost by way of being an illicit joy. Oh, it's grand! Earth holds no greater delight for a boy with imagination.

Thus it was that the Great Magician came into his life. Not diluted Dickens, not Dickens retold for young people by somebody else with an emphasis on the sentiment and half the fun left out, as seems the modern idea, but the real delightful thing in all its native strength. *Nicholas Nickleby* was the magic name inscribed over the portal through which he plunged into a new world of enchantment. A world, you know, between ourselves, that was simply the dear, old, familiar fairy-tale world deliciously transmogrified to a coat-and-trousers period. Squeers, for instance, was really a wicked ogre in disguise, and Newman Noggs was just a quaint, brown, kindly little dwarf, with peaked cap and beard, who came toddling out of a dense wood, cracking his fingers, on purpose to give the hero good advice and warnings. Not that the boy actually said these things to himself, but he dimly felt this essential relation with eternal literature, and his young heart rejoiced.

So Laughter came to him, and Tears.

Oh, it was a glorious time that time in bed!

\* \* \* \* \*

After that he simply devoured Dickens. There was much in his author—oh, very much—that he could not properly appreciate at that age. For Dickens is not all fairy-tale. Poor old Betty Higden he thought a bit of a bore, and Bradley Headstone affected him like a dark, overhanging cloud. But there were a few things that he appreciated better then than later. He just loved Mark Tapley. He felt to the full the eeriness of Marley's Ghost. That cellar business, you know, dragging chains over casks, and then the coming upstairs, the awful boom, the relentless on, on, on and through the door, the candle-flame leaping up—it was all very well for the author to take it lightly, but it was really rather horrifying. One looked round the room and shivered slightly with a dubious hope that modern doors were stronger made, of some good ghost-resisting material.

One piece of wisdom there was, culled from the novelist's pages, that pervaded the boy's life almost like an atmosphere. His father repeated it to him, his mother repeated it to him, his uncles and aunts, and adult friends, one and all repeated it to him. He grew up with it, and never dreamed of questioning it. He carried it into society like a secret armor. To the last he fondly fancied it had stood him in good stead. This pearl of great price, this wondrous maxim, was, "Samivel, beware of vidders!"

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A long period elapsed when he read no Dickens books, and when, to some extent, he actually forgot them. It was the accidental finding himself stranded at a country inn with nothing to read but a tattered, old *Pickwick*

that started him once more on a course of the author. He came upon him with a keen sense of re-discovery. The genius of the man was much, oh much, greater than he had had any idea of. He found Betty Higden now a fine creation, while those fatal night walks of Bradley Headstone, where he dogs the footsteps of the taunting Eugene, struck him as perhaps the grimmest, intensest piece of tragedy in the whole of Dickens. But Mark Tapley, now, with his perpetual "jolly"? In his heart of hearts he cherished doubts about Mark Tapley. Which simply showed that he was learning to temper love with criticism. But the love was all the stronger for it—much.

He married, somewhat late in life; the lady—who was *not* a widow—originally attracting him by a reference to Little Dorrit—charming, but just a trifle marred by the fact that she seemed to confuse that heroine with Little Nell. She was fond of Dickens, it appeared, but had not read very much of him. Oh, yes, she meant to read more of him—when she got time. She meant to do quite a lot of things—when she got time. Goodness me, she was simply run off her feet, what with looking after her poor dear things, and other people meaning well, dear souls, but so bothersome, you know. And she laughed, her eyes brimming a twinkling mirth at him in which there was just the faintest confession of self-weakness. A desire grew up in his heart to introduce this pleasant young person more fully to the Dickens world. He pictured a cozy hearth with a purring cat and a singing kettle—there really ought to be a kettle, and himself in the corner reading Dickens aloud to her, the while she—she—well, a properly regulated young woman could knit of course. And, wonderful to relate, it all came to pass—even the kettle when there was grog to be made. They were a childless couple, and did not keep

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much company, so they had many such long evenings. And how merrily his wife laughed! Dear heart, how she enjoyed it all!

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Alas! alas! she had been taken from him. And now he was a gray, worn widower getting on in years. And in his desolation and loneliness he turned to the old Dickens friends for comfort. At first they brought hot tears to his eyes, for memories of that fresh voice and laughter seemed woven into every chapter, and he had to put them down. But as time wore on this became a happiness to him instead of a grief, and so it was they became his real companions. Other books—modern novels—he read occasionally, but he always came back to what in a little spurt of humor he called "the old firm." And, as he dipped into these loved pages, speaking as they did to him of so much beyond themselves, not only of his lost wife but of his parents long since dead and gone, and of his own far-off childhood, thoughts of these, and thoughts even of those little ones who might have been and never were, and for whose sake a greater tenderness than ever held him for those "dream children" of the novelist, came trooping on him, and he looked back upon his whole life—his poor, ordinary, perhaps futile life—and saw, as a new thing, how Dickens had filled it for him. And he felt a great thankfulness. And more and more of an evening he seemed to see near him a shadowy presence of familiar lineaments looking kindly at him. And he felt tempted to cry out, "I, too, ere long, shall join the shadowy throng. Master, testify for me that, whatever my human weakness, I have loved your works!"

They found him, one morning, yet in his chair—but, oh, so still! a happy smile upon his lips, an open copy of his favorite *David Copperfield* on the table at his side.

*Willoughby Maichett.*

## THE RISE OF PRICES IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Prices are gone up in the spiritual as well as in the natural world. Even a good conscience is far dearer than it used to be, and peace of mind is hardly procurable. If we are not overworking ourselves, we know we ought to be. If we take any amusement, we feel we must excuse ourselves. We ought, we know, to have something better to do than play, though all but the most buoyant spirits require some artificial keeping up, and good humor is apt to go out at the door when economy comes in at the window. If we are not in direct anxiety, we are almost ashamed of our tranquillity; and if we want to converse with our friends, and so procure the most harmless of all recreation, they are either out at work, or preoccupied, or so argumentative and censorious that we go home wishing we had not forced the meeting. To set against all this there is an unintermittent drama of thrilling interest being enacted before our eyes. We cannot help actively enjoying its development, and for doing so most of us condemn ourselves. Even this distraction we must pay for in the coin of self-abasement.

Everyone who takes up unaccustomed work is liable to fits of depression. Fatigue accounts partly for this; also, no one does the details of new work either well or easily. The most diligent must ask themselves sometimes whether they are not wasting their strength to no purpose. Conscience, however, will not be silenced, and appears to prefer that we should work a treadmill rather than that we should sit at ease. Conscience is an unreasonable master at times; however, we must admit that it does defend us against other tormentors. Nothing else offers us a shelter from the reasoning of the critics. When they assure us how badly we are doing our self-imposed

jobs; and how much better it would be to give them up and explain that we shall never win the war by breaking our insignificant backs, the inward monitor soothes us with illogical praise. We have appeased conscience with the sweat of our brows, but we should not be human if we did not regret the day when not so much appeasing was necessary—when a good conscience could be had for a negative price, if such an expression may be used.

Just now the temper of the ordinary person is short. We are not speaking of those in bitter personal trouble. They alas! know only too well that a man may sell all he has and yet not obtain the hidden pearl of a serene faith; but their state of mind is beyond the scope of such reflections as we are indulging. The tendency of great troubles is to swamp small ones; but it is not the great ones only which destroy peace of mind. Very small worries will serve to keep a bad sleeper awake, and very small irritations ruffle the spirit in time of stress. The spiritual and material worlds converge upon the question of money. This sounds very cynical, but surely it is true. If we have to give two thoughts instead of one to what we must eat and drink and how we are to be clothed, peace of mind, which is as often as not simply leisure of mind recedes as we count our pennies. We cannot get this mental leisure while we are distracted by the forming of new habits which have not yet become second nature. This second nature is very expensive in a spiritual sense. It means an outlay of energy, and it means that we continue to pay out from our moral fortune in patience and perseverance. In the end we may perhaps buy our leisure back, and find we have gained something into the bargain. Again, there are people who require a

good deal more recreation than others, just as there are those who require an exceptional amount of food. For instance, a good deal of light reading may have become a necessity to them. They trust to it to enable them to get through their work, and they think with daily gratitude of the second-rate writers who have so often offered them rest and refreshment without mental effort of any sort. But it takes some effort nowadays to lose oneself in the lightest and least exacting of fiction. A domestic novel is now about as hard to read as a piece of stiff biography used to be in those delightful times before the craving for newspapers came to interfere with every train of quiet thought. They must pay heavily for their mental outing. But perhaps they will give up the book cure, and determine to go away for a while to a far part of the country, somewhere where "you would not think that there was any war." As a matter of fact, such places only exist in the minds of journalists; but it may be a little easier to pretend there is none in the folds of the Quantocks than in Cheapside. It is only by a subconscious effort, even under the open sky, that they can keep their minds in peace, and even if they succeed they are a prey to an unreasonable sort of remorse. "How many people are suffering while we are taking our ease?" they say to themselves. They have earned a rest, they know; but somehow a real rest, a real mental change, is not to be had at any price.

Probably none of us knew till lately how much we depended for our equanimity upon tiny distractions, little talks and plans and purchases, pleasant lookings-forward and pleasanter lookings-back. The dislocation of social life has very much done away with these. We got something out of them which it is difficult to describe, but something which is a sort of class privilege—possessed, though it is, by an enormously

large class. It is a sort of surface happiness—the badge of prosperity. It shows most in youth. The joy of well-off youth is a thing so lovely to look upon that if by its sacrifice we could mitigate by a quarter all the hardships of ill-off youth, there would still be some tears to be shed over the loss to the world. In later life it still shows in the faces of women. Let any one wander all day about any town and look at the women. Serenity is confined almost to what we still in our minds call "ladies." They had leisure for constant little pleasures. These are too dear now to be had. They cost too much time, too much thought, and too much courage. We have all a sense that if we seek to make ourselves and others happy in the little ways of the past, we shall be blamed, shall be cast out among the careless. We take a pride now in belonging to those who dwell with care. If we insist that our harmless pleasures are still ours by right, we must be prepared to pay for them, to lose consideration, and even perhaps self-esteem. But it may be said: "Who wants amusement or pleasure now when the interest of life has increased tenfold?" It is true; yet how painful is all this enhancing of interest. Still, when the poets spoke of sweet pain they spoke with truth. There are some wonderful spiritual goods in the market, though there is nothing for nothing. Look at the crowds of young people who three years ago would have married with little romance and no anxiety. Now the alternations of anxiety and delight are almost more than they can bear. Love is indeed a romantic thing just now. Poetry lives. In a sense the world has grown young again. The gallants and maidens are courting in the near presence of death. Truly they have recaptured a bliss which seemed fading into the past. But what a price they have paid for it! What tears and

sleepless nights, what a terrible embitterment of the worst of all fears! There is no doubt a lighter side to this new interest in life. We are all politicians nowadays. We have all had a rise in life. We live in that exhilarating atmosphere where men gossip Imperially. We are as keenly interested in the Government of this country and of Ireland, and in the conduct of the war, as though we had a chance of a seat in the Cabinet. We no longer say modestly that we know little about the affairs of State. We are convinced that we know all about them, and we apportion praise and blame with zest  
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and pleasure untold. True, we change our views every month or two, adore the men we cursed and curse those whom we adored; but, like children intent on a game, we have not a moment's time to give to the consideration of that inconsequent conduct which our instructors would bring to our notice. We never awake without a sense of interest, or go to sleep without a sense of expectation. To the Englishman, who is by nature an optimist, though by habit a grumbler, expectation seldom takes the form of apprehension. Dullness is dead—but what has it cost to kill it?

## HENRY JAMES AND THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

On the night of the 17th of January, 1911, a play in one act by Mr. Henry James called *The Saloon* was presented for the first time at the Little Theatre in John Street, Adelphi; and an appreciation of it which I had the pleasure of writing for the next day's *Pall Mall Gazette* was sent on to him (he was on his last visit to New York at the time) by one of his friends in London. Three weeks later I received a letter from him touching upon so many points in so frank and interesting a way that the impulse to reply was irresistible; and on his return to England a few months later the correspondence was resumed, and presently developed into the privilege of meeting. During the remaining years of his life he was good enough to make frequent opportunities of giving me his views on the English Theatre in general; and it is from my memory, and my written notes of these conversations, that most of what briefly follows will flow.

Like a good many other men and women of letters in this country who had been witnesses of some of the latter-

day processes and tendencies of the English Theatre, Henry James may, I think, be said to have loved the Drama but very nearly hated the Theatre. It was difficult in those concluding years of his strenuous life to draw him from his "lately plotted fireside" in Chelsea for an evening at the play, and when at last he would be persuaded to such a relaxation he was quite as likely to become almost as much of an anxiety to his companions as a joy. There he would sit, deep down in his stall, with his shoulders hunched up to his ears, and his eyes firmly bent upon the scene and its inhabitants, following the "traffic of the stage," if he disapproved of it, with ominous murmurings, threatening at any moment to become a storm; and there are several cases on record of his rising at last, half-way through the entertainment, and with a perfectly audible "I can't bear it any longer" walking out. In his whimsical way he even attributed the very trying illness which laid him low at Rye in the autumn and winter of 1912 to an evening spent at a West End theatre! His face when

watching a dramatic entertainment which was not in accordance with his very positive and exacting sense of "how the thing should be done" was indeed a masterpiece of the inscrutable. I once heard a dramatist expatiating with satisfied wonder upon the "remarkable expression of countenance" with which Henry James had sat through two acts of a play of which the narrator was the author, and I listened to the narrative with a self-repression that was nearly a pain, for I happened to know what he had suffered on that occasion, and the mental and spiritual torment which that "remarkable expression of countenance" had so benignantly concealed.

Many things in the Theatre depressed this fastidious idealist, among them the large commercialism of the institution and the comparative absence of the spirit of art for art's sake. Needless to say, he was the very reverse of being, in any way, *blasé*. I have seen him deriving a great deal of pleasure from some quite untrumpeted but sincere and highly-motived dramatic entertainment; and I have seen him irritated nearly beyond bearing by a "star" actor in a "play of the day." In the one case, possibly, his ideals were not too cocksurely challenged; in the other, perhaps, they were appealed to with what he felt to be a multiform brazen incompetence, against which he would rebel with an immediate "remarkable expression of countenance," and a subsequent immense flow of epistolary and conversational denunciation for the benefit and amusement of his friends.

It is not to be wondered at that the long dissociation between the English Theatre and the intellectual life of the country, which the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre was the first real effort to heal, weighed heavily on him. He attributed it not only to the domination of what we may

call the box-office spirit but also to the timidity of the dramatists themselves. In talking over instances of playwrights consenting to the violent misrepresentation of their intentions by actors, and even the free alteration of their carefully composed dialogue, he would rise to impressive heights of indignation. "Until our dramatists respect their craft a good deal more than, as a rule, they do today," he once said to me, "there will be no hope for the English Theatre. It is, indeed, in very plain danger of becoming a colossal vulgarity." It positively enraged him to hear of a dramatist signing a contract—as so many have disastrously done—giving a manager power to alter his manuscript without his consent. Who can wonder? As that admirable lady, Miss Horniman of Manchester, once said: "There should be but one authority in the 'production' and rehearsal of a play—the author." Only last year a play was produced in London of which the first half proved in performance quite strikingly sincere and original, and the second half as conspicuously artificial and bad. The first half had been left as the author had written it; the second had been freely altered to suit the demands of a popular actor!

Another topic upon which Henry James would declaim with overwhelming tragi-comic energy was the extravagant interest taken by the play-going public of London in the histrionic *personalia* of the stage—what Mr. George Moore in one of the most amusing of his *Impressions and Opinions* called Mummer-worship. "These hungry histrions!" he would exclaim, "carrying on their most self-exhibitional of trades, in which the men become as vain and jealous and touchy as the women, and the women still more of all these things than Nature had already made them! These intense, importunate, irritable persons! Oh, it is

preposterous that they should be commemorated as they are!" And then he would turn and rend the dramatic critics for giving so much space in their articles to these "inefficient hungerers after adulation," and would cite the better way of the French critics, Jules Lemaitre and Emile Faguet, who when they reprinted their *Impressions* and *Propos de Théâtre* did so with the actors and their work left out, and the analysis concentrated upon the intentions and processes of the dramatist. "There," Mr. James would say, "there lies your work! The play's the thing! Never mind the players. Find out what the dramatist has to say, and follow it up! And do it all with the ferocious seriousness and courage with which the grand old Sarcey did it for forty years, without fear or favor, and heedless of everything save Truth and the High Standard!" And then he would throw himself back in his chair and add, with that upliftment of his outstretched right hand which was one of his characteristic gestures, "And yet, I suppose, writing for a newspaper in this country, you cannot leave them out. But, oh! the task of the dramatic critic is horrific. I wouldn't be one for anything in the world. Indeed, no gentleman can be one for long, for in that office there is literally no satisfying other people and oneself at the same time!"

In the essay just referred to, Mr. George Moore used the oft-quoted words "Acting is the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all," and Henry James always seemed to me to be of the same opinion, although of course he made many friends in the acting world of the theatre, to whom, on personal grounds, he was very sincerely attached. My suggestion to him of Coquelin as "a great actor" in such parts as *Tartuffe* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* he waved aside with a "Not at all! A fine *diseur*, nothing more!" And when I quoted to him Tennyson's superb com-

pliment to Henry Irving's *Hamlet*—"I have seen it again after five years: it has improved five degrees, and those five degrees have lifted it to Heaven!"—he just assumed that "remarkable expression of countenance" and exclaimed "My dear boy, you are detestably young!" and went on, "It is all wrong, this worship of the actor in England and America—the two countries, too, in which they exhibit least training, least talent, least temperament: the two countries, in which they do nothing at all, or as little as possible, for the Drama; in which they have no *action* to speak of, or only a discouraging one, and no vision of anything save the vulgarer aspects of the theatre!"

From these recollections it will be seen that his counsels to a dramatic critic were somewhat austere, and the path he pointed not an easy one to follow without plenty of company, though it was undoubtedly the right one to take in the best interests both of criticism and of the stage.

Another point, too, which comes back to me, as I recall these interchanges with the great man now dead, was his view of the uncritical attitude of the average theatrical audience of his later years, and particularly of the depressing proneness to untimely laughter which has grown so fast in London theatres during the past ten years. I remember talking with him one afternoon at the Reform Club, when he had been overnight to see Miss Githa Sowerby's fine play, *Rutherford and Son*, at the Vaudeville. The laughter, or rather the audible giggling, of a section of the audience during the serious scenes had struck him most painfully. He ended his account of it with these words, which I shall never forget: "I scarcely ever take a foreign friend to see a serious play in London without being made to feel ashamed by this extraordinary behavior." A good many playgoers have gone through that humiliation. And

the huge tragedy of the War seems to have left the gigglers more giggly than ever.

Of course Mr. James realized—no one more clearly—the advantages of success as a dramatist, and no small part of his tireless work was done for the Theatre. He strove hard to adapt his subtle and exquisite art as a writer to the imperatively demanded bold and broad effects of the dramatist; and as long as seventeen years after the failure of his comedy, *Guy Domville*, at the St. James's Theatre, he acknowledged to me that there was a certain justice in the adverse verdict originally pronounced upon that work. "Instead of making the dramatic interest my sole or even my chief consideration," he said, "I aimed at a supreme technical victory in observing a unity for unity's sake. Consequently it was too compressed; and I now have dreams of re-writing it in four acts instead of the original three." Another of his plays, *The High Bid*, presented at a series of matinees at His Majesty's Theatre in February, 1909, by a society which called itself "The Afternoon Theatre," was in every way more satisfactory. Its chief characters, an American girl, with a passion for medieval things, and an English aristocrat indifferent to them and living mainly to promote Socialism, provided a clash of ideals, and played a duel of wits through the three acts, which was truly exhilarating; and the general setting of the story in the most exquisite elements of conversation was a continual delight. Even this enjoyable piece, however, in which Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and his wife found quite memorable characters in which to display their art and charm, has since been seen but little, and that only in a provincial city or two; and here, as in so many cases and ways, the commercialization of our Theatre seems to come in. Broadly composed as was *The High Bid*, its appeal was still

chiefly to the fastidious—to those who could enjoy not only, for its own sake, a duel of ideals, but also those soft rhythms of prose and delicate economies of expression in which Mr. James's plays, no less than his novels, are so richly charged. As a result it has, up to the present, been virtually shelved. Perhaps one day London will be allowed to see it again. Perhaps when their bravely borne sacrifices in the War have purged the nation, the nation will proceed to the purging of the Theatre. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps. Yet, even as I write, I remember that there is at this moment in existence a dramatization of *The Egoist* in which George Meredith himself collaborated and put splendid things—as, for instance, when Harry de Craye, summarizing in a single sentence his attitude of wanting more than the "friendship" Clara offers him, is made to say to her "Am I to banquet on that wafer?"—which has never yet been acted, for the reason that, in the opinion of those who were commercially concerned, it would not have "paid."

It is interesting to recall that the other contemporary English writer with whom Henry James was most often coupled as a craftsman, George Meredith, shared his general opinion of the Theatre. Again and again in his letters we find him taking with him to the playhouse ideals which were almost incapable of satisfaction. So it will be to the end of the chapter. Books are only read by one person at a time, and an author can, with an easy mind, write up or down to a particular type of reader. A play, on the other hand, is read by two thousand together at a sitting, and therefore dare not appeal to only one sort of artistic ideal. But to admit this is not to declare that literary and interpretative perfection are outside the scope even of the contemporary Theatre. Indeed, both have been seen more than once in a London playhouse within the last dozen years, and the

public who wanted them duly found them. It is the ignorance of the existence of such a public, or the deafness to its entreaties, on the part of much of the official headship of the English The Nineteenth Century and After.

stage that has wearied so many cultured Englishmen and Englishwomen out of the habit of playgoing, and has left them crying, "I love the Drama but hate the Theatre."

*H. M. Walbrook.*

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

"I shan't get a thing," said Alberta, who was in a charmingly diaphanous rose-colored negligée, to me that morning at breakfast. "War-time, you know."

"No, dear?" I was considerably surprised. "Yet, these sunny days——"

"I know," said Alberta, who is twenty—or something over—and, if not pretty, then, as she would say herself, it doesn't seem to matter: "Of course, spring is the limit for clothes. But I shall make my old gray do."

"I see," said I; "yet, with summer coming on——"

"But I see in the papers," said Alberta firmly, "that no one is wearing anything."

"Oh! just something," I murmured.

"And one must practise economy." My cousin is not usually remarkable for that virtue.

"Of course," said I. "Still, a cheap little frock——" Alberta made a face.

"From a little dressmaker," said I.

"Never!" said Alberta. "After all, one must do one's bit." And then she added: "Every soul I know is at the front."

"Are they?" I grew ungrammatical. "But your Aunt Maria's tea's next Tuesday——"

"I meant every man," said Alberta.

"Oh!" I reflected. "Very well, dear, if you feel you can manage."

"Perfectly." Alberta spoke bravely. Then she yawned a little "What are you going to do this morning?"

"My canteen," said I.

"It is sunny, isn't it?" My cousin looked out on to the gay spring greenery of our London garden.

"Delightfully so," said I. "Well, I think I must be going."

"Shall I meet you after?" Alberta asked suddenly. "It is so lovely—so fresh—isn't it? We might look at the shops."

"Eh?" I started. "But what for?"

"Just to look at them," said my cousin, eyeing herself in the Empire glass by the windows. "I told you, dear thing, I don't want *any* thing."

"Very well, where shall we meet?"

"Twelve o'clock outside Phillipine's? I shall have on my old gray—you can't miss me," Alberta laughed a little grimly.

At twelve o'clock I waited. At half-past my charming cousin came tripping round the corner. "So sorry, I do hope I'm not late." She looked virtuous, but very pretty, in the "old gray," surprisingly new in the sunshine.

"After all you were right," I said pleasantly; "you can do quite well as you are."

"Oh, yes," Alberta spoke with a little less enthusiasm than at breakfast. "Do look at that deevy hat, Celia dear. Hullo . . . there's Bobby Farrell . . . in that taxi."

A passing taxi drew up abruptly, and a much-tanned young man in khaki bounded on to our pavement.

"Hullo, Bobby," said my cousin.

"Hullo!" He had turned red under his tan. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here? . . ."

"I don't always live in the backwoods—though I may look like it." Alberta eyed her gray frock. "This is my cousin; Captain Farrell." We bowed.

"I say, it is ripping, meeting you. Can't you come and lunch somewhere?"

"Not today," said Alberta firmly.

"Tomorrow, then? Dinner—and we might do some dancing."

An acquaintance of my own passed by, and, while we exchanged amenities, Alberta and her young man drew aside and talked.

"So long, then," said Alberta carelessly, rejoining me. "See you tomorrow. My cousin and I are going shopping."

"Shopping?" said I. "You mean *looking*."

"I don't know . . ." said Alberta slowly, as we moved off. "Now that is a really cheap frock. Do look, dear thing; nine guineas, and that sort of poult de soie lasts forever."

"Not if you throw it away, as you usually do."

"And it would do for afternoon or evening, and be a war economy."

"But I thought——"

"I've rather changed my mind," said Alberta. "Bobby's got three weeks, after pneumonia," she added abruptly, "and the least I can do——"

"Is to keep him up dancing and dining——"

"I shall go in and order that poult de soie." Alberta reached the door. "And do look at that *heavenly* rose tulle. It isn't marked, which always means the worst, but *any* shop is cheaper than Celeste's, so I am *saving* money. Yes," to the elderly and ducal

The Westminster Gazette.

shopwalker, "dance frocks, please, to begin with."

We spent the morning in the neighborhood, and Alberta ordered three afternoon and four evening frocks, five hats, and two parasols, several petticoats, silk and otherwise, and more etceteras than I can remember. On the way home we saw a silver cloak that Alberta said was the most *satisfying* garment she had dreamed of, and that on inquiry cost thirty-five guineas, "at a heart-breaking reduction." Alberta looked at me and I looked a little coldly out of the doorway.

And then, coming down the road in the sunlight, we saw a wagon-load of bandaged, smiling, and altogether cheery wounded—and their crutches. Alberta saw them.

"It is a *divine* cloak," she said to the disappointed saleswoman. "And I should adore it; *but I won't have it.*" And she went swiftly to the door.

"Am I an awful pig?" said she, when we had gone some way in silence.

"Oh, no, dear," I said quietly; "I told you you ought to have a cheap——"

"But I got a crowd of dear ones——"

"You are very young," I said relenting, "and . . . Captain Farrell looks very nice."

"And I don't mind him." Alberta turned away her head. "And—if he comes back I might marry him."

"Oh!" Alberta has so many aspirants.

"And in any case"—my cousin is a young woman of means—"I shall send that thirty-five guineas—what the cloak cost, you know—to the Star and Garter. And Bobby'll have to do with me in my old one."

Mrs. George Norman.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

That choicest product of mediæval mysticism, St. Bernard of Clairvaux's meditation "On the Love of God"

(*Liber de diligendo Deo*) is published by E. P. Dutton & Company in an attractive volume, edited with trans-

lation and notes by Edmund G. Gardner of the University of London. The original text and the translation are printed on opposite pages, so that the reader may take his choice between them, or, if he prefers to follow the Latin, may be helped to a deeper appreciation of its meaning by an occasional glance at Dr. Gardner's illuminating rendering. A striking photograph of the picture of Saint Bernard from the Sforza Book of Hours forms the frontispiece.

Lawrence B. Evans's biography of Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts (Houghton, Mifflin Company) is of value, aside from its personal interest, by reason of the light which it throws upon national questions, and the course of national legislation, in the shaping of which Mr. McCall had a considerable part during his twenty years' service in Congress. It is a useful and honorable career which is here sketched, beginning with Mr. McCall's election to the Massachusetts legislature in 1887, and continuing with scarcely any interruption, in the service of state or nation, to the present time. In his opening chapter, Mr. Evans describes Mr. McCall's boyhood in Illinois, his student days at the New Hampton Academy and at Dartmouth, his professional career and his public life; and in the later chapters reviews with some detail his share in legislation and his attitude toward public questions. Extracts are given from some of his speeches and published papers, and it is interesting to note that, as long ago as 1881, he made a plea for an adequate navy which might well be repeated as a part of the present campaign for national preparedness. The book is illustrated with several portraits.

"The Portion of a Champion," by Francis O'Sullivan Tighe, is an Irish novel of the newest school, accepting

all the old legends of the sumptuous apparel and homes of the chiefs of ancient Erin in the days when within the green isle there was "lovely fighting along the whole line" nearly all the time, and when the Irish fleet sailed the seas looking for new lands to conquer. Whether one accept all these traditions or not, they make the tissue of a very good story upon which O'Sullivan Tighe has embroidered a pleasant love-tale of the year of the world 5604, when Niall of the Nine Hostages made a foray into Gaul and wasted the valley of the Loire. In what mad humor he went, and what passion for fighting consumed him and his followers, the reader will be told and he will find himself breathing an atmosphere new to him unless he has attentively studied the work of Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany and Yeats. This book is Ossian carefully roughened, fretted with idioms still surviving in peasant speech, and dotted with more Irish names than Macpherson ever troubled himself to acquire, and picturing a race satirical but not humorous and following their own ideas of chivalry in pleasing indifference, not only to the Saxon, but to the whole human race. Tanists, High Kings and chiefs in chariots or mounted on swift horses, they flit across the scene amid the applause of admiring women of whom one has a name and is really individualized and is worthy to be the chosen of the hero. A glimpse of St. Patrick, a hint at his work, and at miracles wrought for him are introduced as artistic material and remind the reader that the Irishman is always a devout believer in something, always a despiser of infidels. The story is a pleasant change from the books of Lever, Lover and Carleton, but it "is Irish, too." Charles Scribner's Sons.

Richard Harding Davis's last book, "With the French in France and Sa-

lonika" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of the most vivid and absorbingly interesting of all the many war books. Mr. Davis was a past master of the art of descriptive writing; he had had experience as a war correspondent in the Turkish-Greek, Spanish-American, South African and Russo-Japanese wars; and he brought to his work as an observer and reporter on the European battlefields not only this wide and varied experience but rare literary ability and keen sympathy. Add to all this the fact that his letters and his reputation opened to him unusual opportunities for watching events at close range, and we have reason enough for the rare quality of the present volume, and its predecessor "With the Allies." In the earlier book, he described the war in Belgium, the entrance of the Germans into Brussels, the burning of Louvain, the battle of Soissons, the bombardment of the Rheims cathedral, and his own experiences when arrested as a spy. In the present volume, he describes Paris as it appeared a year after the beginning of the war; gives an account of an interview with President Poincaré; indicates the impression which France has gained of the attitude of the United States; pictures the wreck of Arras, the mud trenches of Artois, and the bravery of the French troops along the zigzag front in Champagne; tells the story of what he saw on the way to the Piræus, with the Allies in Salonika, and with the French in Serbia; and then describes his later observations at Verdun and St. Mihiel, and in the trenches in the Vosges. Twenty or more illustrations from photographs bring the scenes described vividly before the eye. The last chapter was written in February, and the Preface is dated the 11th of April. It is pathetic to remember how soon after he wrote these words, and while still in the full vigor of life, the end came.

Not even in the Civil War was history

in the making quite so interesting as it is during the leviathan contest now occupying all Europe, and Captain Ernest Hamilton's "The First Seven Divisions" is one of the most English of its literary products. It is so highly condensed that its abbreviations constitute a considerable part of it, and its detailed account of the fighting from Mons to Ypres with an index of seventeen pages, a preface, and an Epitaph, occupies but 338 coarsely printed pages. "Epitaph" is not a misprint. At the end of three months, the professional army of Great Britain had all but ceased to exist. Its broken ranks had again and again been repaired with fresh material, and still the world sees new fighting men spring from the earth where their brothers lie unburied, but the first seven Divisions are no more. Few of their shining achievements were adequately recorded in the American papers for in the three months following August, 1914, the United States gazed calmly at the war with easy faith in its speedy completion. But today it is otherwise, and this little work, aiming only at accuracy, will be eagerly studied. It holds a rare treasure in tales of splendid deeds, from that of the French women who dug trenches, to that of Private Wilson the Edinburgh man who, single-handed, captured a German machine gun and two and a half cases of ammunition, its officer and six men, and won his V. C. But the seven Divisions are no more except in the pages of the Army List. France and Flanders hold the unmarked dust of one third of their number. Of the survivors, some are so mangled that they can fight no more, but some hope soon to enter the strife again. They will be centers of courageous action wherever they may be, and they can never really die while a brave soul lives to glory in valor. As Captain Hamilton well says, "The list of killed and wounded is no enigma." E. P. Dutton & Company.